★ Aug. 12, 1950

# THE NEW YORKER

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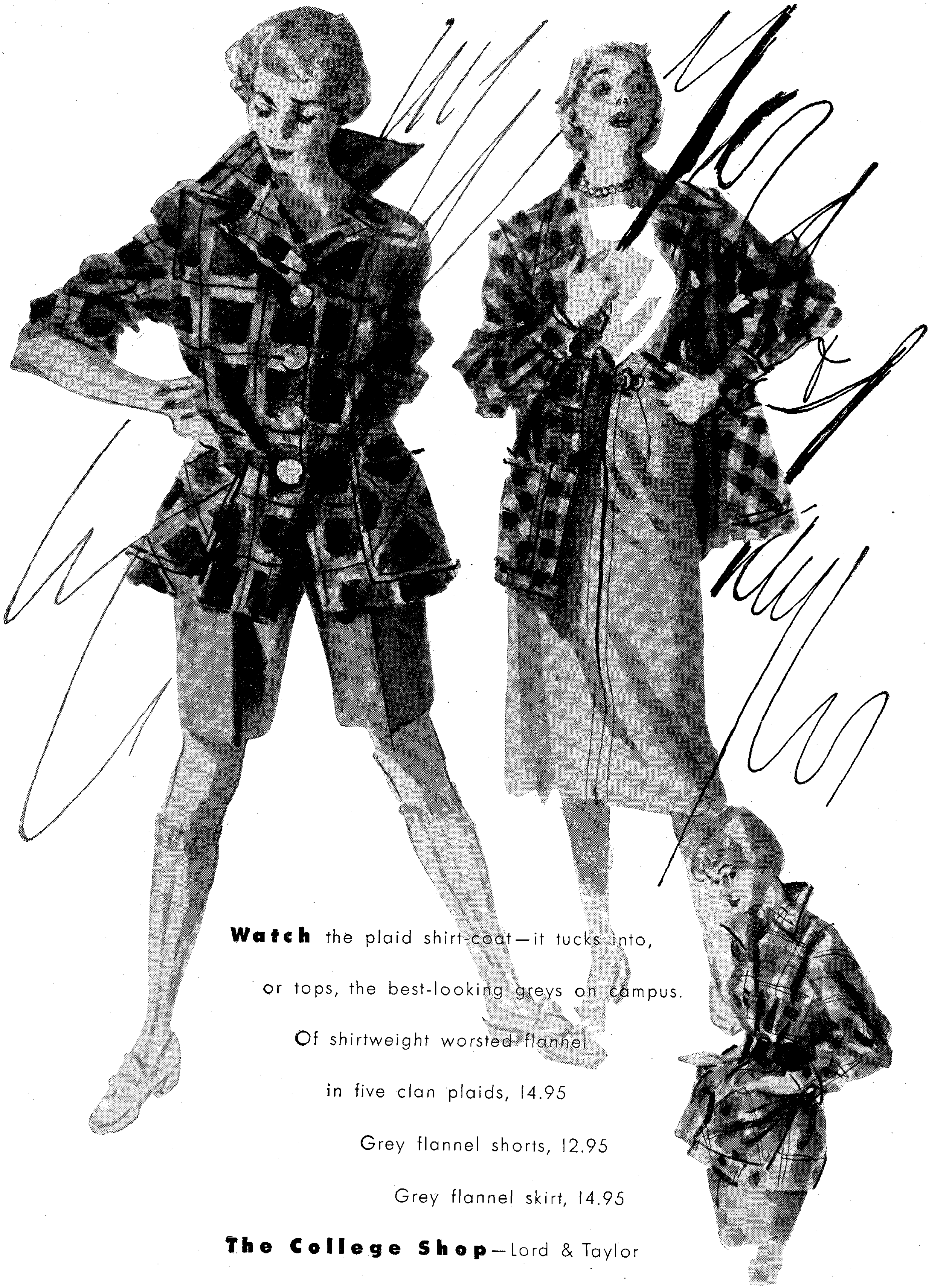

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**The Cocktail Party**—T. S. Eliot's play about a rather unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients is a strange and sometimes fairly disconcerting combination of comedy and mysticism, but it is often impressive on both levels. Now with Henry Daniell, Margaret Phillips, and Hugh Williams, as well as Cathleen Nesbitt and Eileen Peel. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

**The Happy Time**—If you liked "I Remember Mama," you may enjoy this portrait of a gay and irresponsible French-Canadian family, though it is really a far more elementary piece of work. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

**The Member of the Wedding**—Carson McCullers has made her deeply touching novel about a lonely adolescent into an almost equally moving play. Ethel Waters is beautiful to see as a sympathetic old Negro woman, and Julie Harris and Brandon De Wilde are captivating as the young heroine and her even younger playmate. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Wisteria Trees**—Helen Hayes in Joshua Logan's version of "The Cherry Orchard." Also with Kent Smith, Walter Abel, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. Will reopen Monday, Aug. 14. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Long Runs**—**death of a salesman:** A solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope. Now with Albert Dekker. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **detective story:** Ralph Bellamy as a tough cop beset by a couple of heavyweight philosophical problems. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** On vacation until Monday, Aug. 14, when Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten will start patrolling the deck of that Navy cargo ship again. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**The Consul**—Considered separately, neither the libretto nor the score of this unique production, written and staged singlehanded by Gian-Carlo Menotti, amounts to a great deal, but they combine to give Broadway its first successful all-out opera—and a stirring work of art. Patricia Neway and Gloria Lane contribute some noteworthy singing. Bruni Falcon substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Gentlemen Prefer Blondes**—An animated business, more or less based on Anita Loos's quarter-century-old classic, that should please you very much if you don't feel too sentimental about the original. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large and fascinating cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Michael Todd's Peep Show**—Six former burlesque comics provide the humor in Mr. Todd's scuffle with the theatre, and sex is attended to by a bevy of beautiful girls wearing as little as possible. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music includes an offering from the King of Thailand; and the scenery and costumes are the work of Howard Bay and Irene Sharaff, respectively. Only for those who like their entertainment rough and noisy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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**Peter Pan**—Jean Arthur is the boy who wouldn't grow up in this handsome and spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its enthusiasts. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and there is some excellent incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Texas, Li'l Darlin'**—On vacation. Will reopen Monday, Aug. 21. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Tickets, Please!**—Paul and Grace Hartman are very funny in this revue, but the subordinate performers and their material seem quite a bit below standard. Among them are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. No fewer than four people collaborated on the sketches, and five on the lyrics and music. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**kiss me, kate:** Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott have replaced Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison in this Cole Porter musical. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Well, it's about this French planter who falls in love with— Sure, you know. Ray Middleton has taken over Ezio Pinza's chores, but Mary Martin is with us still. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **where's charley?:** Ray Bolger dressed up like Charley's Aunt. Frank Loesser wrote the score. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**The Live Wire**—A comedy by Garson Kanin, produced by Michael Todd and directed by Mr. Kanin. Donald Oenslager designed the sets, and the cast includes Scott McKay, Sheila Bond, and Jack Gilford. Opens Thursday, Aug. 17. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MISCELLANY

**The Lady from the Sea**—Henrik Ibsen's play is the second in a series of four classic plays to be produced by Sam Wanamaker and Terese Hayden, in association with Harriett Ames. The cast, directed by Mr. Wanamaker, is headed by Luise Rainer. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Aug. 19.)

**The Medium** and **The Telephone**—A double-bill theatre-in-the-round production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's operas, with Zelma Watson George, Edith Gordon, and Paul King. Produced by David Heilweil and Derrick Lynn-Thomas, in association with Chandler Cowles, and directed by Mr. Menotti. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closing tentatively set for Saturday, Aug. 26.)

### THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

**Beverly**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Hildegarde in a song-and-piano recital. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: Eve Arden in "Over 21." (North Shore Playhouse, Beverly, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:45.)

**Cape May**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Eddie Dowling and Joan McCracken in a new comedy by A. B. Shiffrin, "Angel in the Pawnshop." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: "Born Yesterday." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

**Chatham**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: "Miranda." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 16-19: "Summer and Smoke." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

**Clinton**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: "Harvey." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: "Suspect." (Music Hall Summer Theatre, Clinton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

**Cohasset**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Ernest Truex in "Androcles and the Lion." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: Estelle Winwood in "Hay Fever." (Cohasset Playhouse, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Friday, Aug. 11, at 2:30.)

**Coonamessett**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Stuart Erwin in "Harvey." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: Zasu Pitts in "Post Road." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays,

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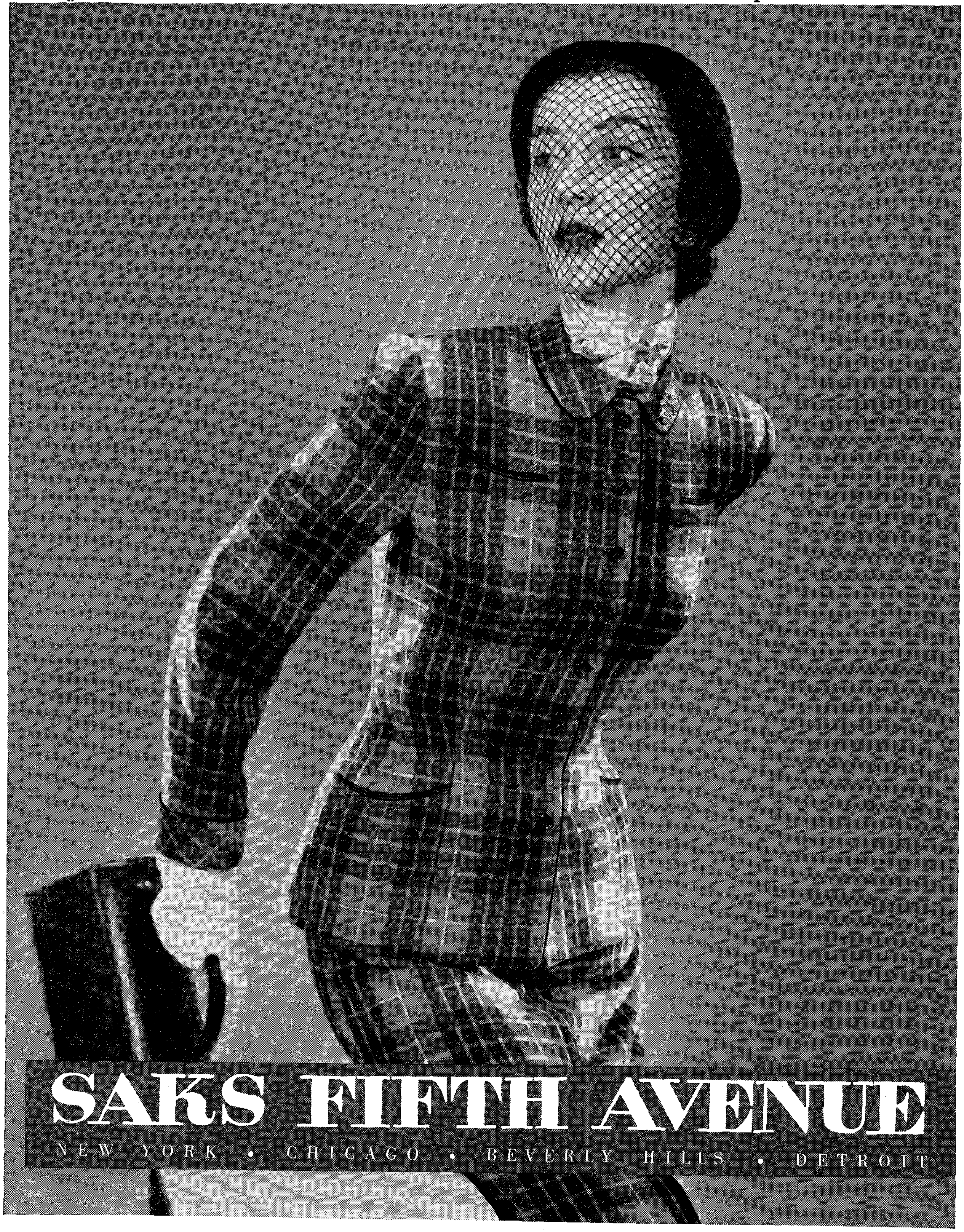

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Danbury**—Through Sunday, Aug. 13: Hal LeRoy in "Rosalie." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 15-20: "The Fortune Teller." (Melody Fair, Danbury, Conn. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

**Dennis**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Brian Aherne in "Dear Brutus." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: Nancy Guild in "Light Up the Sky." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

**East Hampton**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Victor Jory in "The Spider." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: "Finian's Rainbow." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

**Fayetteville**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Claire Luce, Francis L. Sullivan, and Bela Lugosi in "The Devil Also Dreams." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: Eva Le Gallienne in "Hedda Gabler." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

**Guilford**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: "Born Yesterday." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: "Harvey." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

**Hyannis**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: "Naughty Marietta." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: "The Desert Song." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Lambertville**—Through Sunday, Aug. 13: "Sari." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 15-20: "Brigadoon." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

**Marblehead**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Scott McKay in "The Live Wire," a new comedy by Garson Kanin. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: Sylvia Sidney in "Goodbye, My Fancy." (Marblehead Playhouse, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

**Matunuck**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Jane Kean in "Born Yesterday." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: Jane and Betty Kean in "See How They Run." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Millburn**—"Naughty Marietta." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Mountainhome**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Arthur Treacher in "Clutterbuck." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: Vicki Cummings in "Light Up the Sky." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Mount Kisco**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: J. Edward Bromberg and Lee Grant in "Born Yesterday." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: Freddie Bartholomew in "See How They Run." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

**Moylan**—Thursday and Friday, Aug. 10-11: "Ladies in Arms." Saturday, Aug. 12: "Uncle Vanya." Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 15-16: "Thunder on the Left." Thursday, Aug. 17: "Nathan the Wise." Friday, Aug. 18: "The Quick and the Dead." Saturday, Aug. 19: "The Cherry Orchard." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

**New Hope**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: "Harvey." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: Sam Levene and Margie Hart in "Light Up the Sky." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Newport**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Zasu Pitts in "Post Road." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: Marsha Hunt and Anthony Quinn in "Borned in Texas." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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**Norwich**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Zachary Scott in "Blind Alley." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: Edward Arnold in "Apple of His Eye." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Ogunquit**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: William Eythe in "The Silver Whistle." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: Leo G. Carroll in "Once an Actor," a new play by Rosemary Casey. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

**Olney**—Through Sunday, Aug. 13: Basil Rathbone in "The Winslow Boy." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 15-20: Hildegarde in a song-and-piano recital. (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**Pawling**—Through Sunday, Aug. 13: "See How They Run." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 15-20: "Lady Be Good." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

**Peterborough**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: "The Fatal Weakness." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

**Princeton**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Raymond Massey in "Our Town." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: Zachary Scott in "Blind Alley." (Princeton Summer Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Provincetown**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: "The Golden Cuckoo," a new play. (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

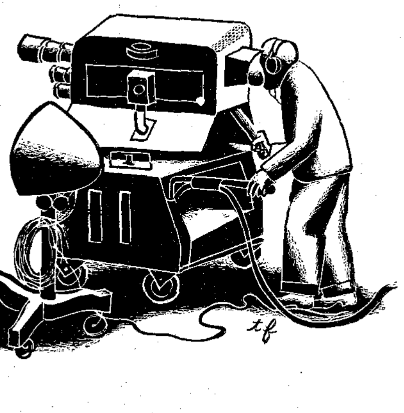
**Saratoga**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Nancy Walker in "On the Town." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: Kay Francis in "The Web and the Rock," a new play by Lester Cohen, based on Thomas Wolfe's novel. (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Sea Cliff**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Laraine Day in "Angel Street." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: Franchot Tone in "The Second Man." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

**Skowhegan**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: "Goodbye, My Fancy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: "Born Yesterday." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Smithtown Branch**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: "Anna Lucasta." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

**Stockbridge**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Sylvia Sidney in "Goodbye, My Fancy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: "The Gay Divorce." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



**Westport**—Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Gertrude Lawrence and Dennis King in a new play by Arthur Macrae, "Traveller's Joy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 14-19: Lillian Gish in "Miss Mabel." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

**Woodstock**—Through Sunday, Aug. 13: "Dandy Dick." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 15-20: "The Taming of the Shrew." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Thursdays at 2:45.)

**Note—Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival:** Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Ted Shawn, La Meri, and others. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18-19: Patricia Bowman, Myra Kinch and her company, and others. (Lee, Mass. Thursday at 4, and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9; through Saturday, Sept. 2.) . . . **American Dance Festival:** Dance programs, including several new works, with the Dudley-Maslow-Bales Company, José Limón and his company, Pearl Primus and her group, Merce Cunningham, and others. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. Fridays at 8:30, Saturdays at 2:30 and 8:30, and Sundays at 4:30; through Sunday, Aug. 20.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Ambassador**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except on Sundays, Jules Lande's band plays for dancing in the basement Garden, a summery spot where you can be absolutely sure of never getting sunburned.

**Astor Roof**, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—Xavier Cugat, the Mexican Paul Whiteman, lets loose a freshet of dance music on this mountain plateau from dinnertime on every night but Sunday.

**Biltmore**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra operates at cocktail time "under the clock" and during dinner on the Cascades Roof, where Dr. Sydney Ross indulges in some light-fingered work with a pack of cards. No dancing anywhere. The Roof is closed Saturdays and Sundays, and the clock ticks all by its lonesome on Sundays.

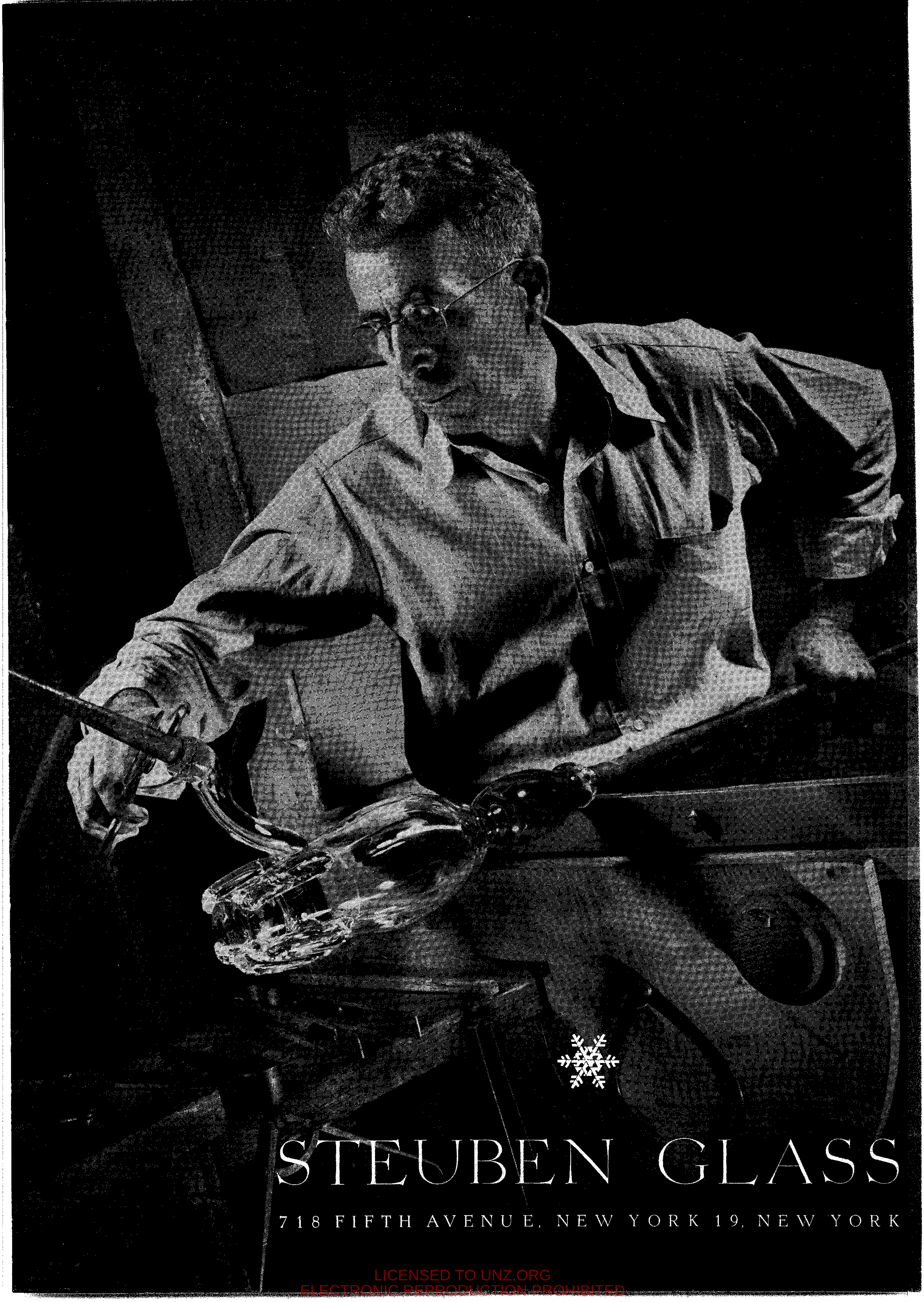
**Bossert**, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn (MA 4-8100)—A romantic view of hot and dusty New York from the rim of the Marine Roof, where dinner begins at six and life (egged on by Bob Collum's dance orchestra) at nine. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

**Café Society**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Billy Daniels, an odd combination of passion-flower thrush and cake walker, will be prancing around here through Monday, Aug. 14. On Thursday, Aug. 17, Gigi Durston, a songstress of some renown, and Will Jordan, a busy young humorist, will check in. Cliff Jackson is beginning his second century as the interlude pianist. Dancing.

**Diamond Horseshoe**, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Ninety minutes of old-fashioned minstrel-show tumult, in which Walter Dere Wahl's mock acrobatics, the Rigoletto Brothers' mock prizefight, W. C. Handy's true-blue trumpeting, and Harry Armstrong's honest singing stand out as the principal good deeds. Other distinguished veterans—Noble Sissle and Billy Banks—are involved with the dance music.

**El Morocco**, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A balmy and well-stocked desert island from which none of the castaways ever want to be rescued. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Closed Sundays.

**New Yorker**, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The major hot-weather Chef's Special in the Terrace Room is the ice show, compounded of many traditional ingredients. It also offers Jean Arlen and a couple of other young ladies particularly designed for gym suits. Bernie Cummins' band provides



STEUBEN GLASS

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well-tempered dance music. Peter Kent's orchestra helps out now and then. Closed Sundays.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth performs every day for cocktail dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre, where Bernice Byres sings and Pancho Pistolas plays guitar from six on.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a midsummer night's dream of a hideaway, is full of Maximillian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's cocktail-hour music. No dancing. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

**Roosevelt,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Teddy Powell and his band, who are having a holiday with strings. Closed Sundays.

**St. Regis,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, a resplendent and fashionable resort with an enviable record of good weather, has mannerly dancing to the bands of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz, who ride their moving platforms with the grace of Hawaiian surfboarders. Closed Sundays.

**Savoy-Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

**Statler,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The veteran Jan Garber has brought his band into the Café Rouge to provide dinner and supper dance music. Closed Sundays.

**Stork Club,** 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Mothers' prides and joys deeply engrossed in the art of really living. Suzy Mulligan sings; Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play.

**Tavern-on-the-Green,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Dancing-on-the-green under God's great big old heaven, to the music of a couple of small bands and a hidden choir of taxi horns.

**Versailles,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A completely modernized pleasure dome, roomy enough for a medium-size foxhunt and echoing pleasantly to the music of Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band. Bernice Parks has come out of retirement to do a soprano stint.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Phil Spitalny drills his troop of Girl Scouts in the minutiae of the slide trombone at dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof, where Griff Williams' band is also in operation. On Sundays, Mischa Borr's band goes it alone until midnight.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Students of the pianoforte and just devout listeners gather after nine to hear what new ideas Eadie and Rack have on the fire. Closed Sundays.... **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, dean of night-life band leaders, holds forth here after eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio makes dance music, too. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The boys from Syracuse (or Saratoga) and the bloods from Park Avenue elbow to elbow. Except Sundays, Nicolas Matthey delivers tableside string music from eight-thirty on, and Ernie Warren's trio is onstage after ten. Sundays, Nancy Reed is at the piano.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): The denizens of Radio Row uneasily taking their ease. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Jack Kerr, a personable tenor, works here, and Bob Downey and Hazel Webster play piano. Sunday is old-movie night; Monday is amateur night.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A friendly Latin-American playground providing a plethora of song and dance, some of it by the house guests. Closed Sundays.... **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar, a sterling example of the what-next? school of interior decorating, has the perennial Rudy Timfield doing dinner and supper piano. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer, foremost interpreter of the songs of Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, and other modernist composers, is in her parlor, upstairs over the convulsive Show Spot bar. Sam Hamilton, a good man in his own right, is her pianist.... **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Laurie Brewis, the chipper little Londoner, starts playing piano toward the end of dinner, and later accompanies the songs of a sweet summer breeze named Nancy Eliot. Closed Sundays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels and his loyal mates—the blues-shouting Mae Barnes, the singing pianist Norene Tate, and the clowning pianist Garland Wilson—begin their variety show at ten-thirty, doing (as the spirit moves) solos, duets, trios, and quartets. Through Sunday, Aug. 13, Alice Ghostley and G. Wood will contribute some funny sayings of their own devising. Closed Mondays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Don Abney at the piano from six to twelve, except Sundays.

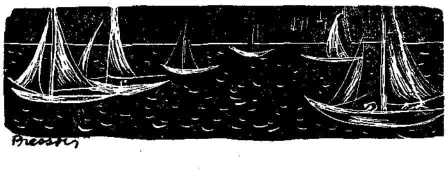
### BIG AND BRASSY

**COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Betty Reilly, a fairly large dash of pepper, sings every night, surrounded by all sorts of pagan revels. Dancing.... **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): The earnest concentration of Jack Cole and his ballet troupe would be audible almost anywhere but in this hustling ballpark. Zero Mostel, in charge of the humor division, is audible no matter what. On Tuesday, Aug. 15, Billy Daniels will replace Mr. Mostel. Pupi Campo's and Walter Nye's orchestras are on the revolving bandstand.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Deep-breathing exercises by Wild Bill Davison, Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and sometimes even Mr. Condon, the world's least famous athlete. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice, are often sheer madness. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is at work here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A new band, Dixieland in mood, made up of Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, among others. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing.... **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Louis Jordan's slightly exhausting Tympany Five, Lester Young's band, and the Les Paul Trio. Closed Mondays.... **PARK SHERATON,** Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): In the Mermaid Room, after six-thirty, the protean Joe Bushkin, sitting on a flagpole over a huge bar, plays fine piano, talks his way through an occasional lyric, and flips a few high-powered gags at the customers. No music Sundays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): The high-frequency skirling of Dizzy Gillespie's frantic horn, plus the more earthly music of Charlie Parker's and Kai Winding's bands. On Thursday, Aug. 17, there will be a change of cast. Jam sessions Mondays.... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday shivarees are still going on. On Aug. 11, the bands of Wild Bill Davison (Wilbur de Paris, Buster Bailey, George Wettling, and Frank Signorelli) and Oran Page (Red Allen, James P. Johnson, Vic Dickenson, John Kirby, and Freddy Moore) will make rude noises at one another.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night welkin-ringing rituals, employing (on Aug. 11) the services of Big Sid Catlett, Willie the Lion Smith, Jonah Jones, Big Chief Russell Moore, Kansas Fields, and Gene Sedric. Dancing.



### IN THE COUNTRY

**Dancing—GLEN ISLAND CASINO,** New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Gene Williams' orchestra; closed Mondays.... **CHANTICLER,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Bill Cooper's orchestra; closed Mondays.... **BOWDEN SQUARE,** Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): Irving Fields' trio, except Mondays.

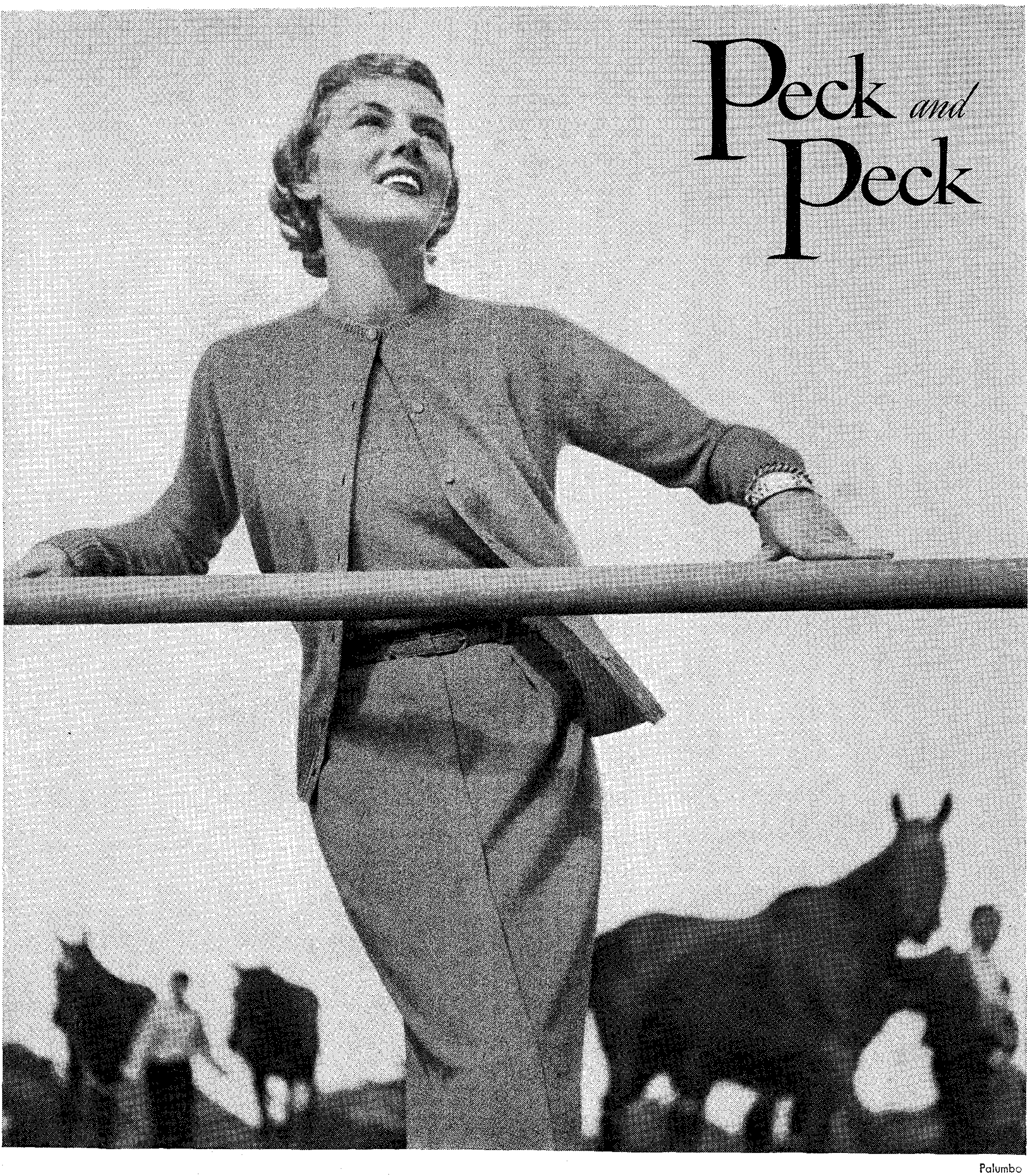
**Dinner**—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays.... **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays.... **COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.:** Mooring-on-the-Sound (Cold Spring Harbor 998).... **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays.... **CROTON FALLS, N.Y.:** Massé's (Croton Falls 7-8560); closed Tuesdays.... **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726); closed Mondays.... **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781).... **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.:** Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475).... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167).... ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979).... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays.... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday.... **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342); closed Tuesdays.... ¶ Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597).... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (Great Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays.... **NEW HOPE, PA.:** Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784).... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).... ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings.... ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246).... **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Miramar (Port Washington 7-1829); Ralph Strain at the piano after ten, except Tuesdays.... **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays.... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120).... ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232); Peter Walters at the piano, except Mondays.... ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 870).... **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays.... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays.... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays.... **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays.... ¶ Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706).... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.:** Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184).... **WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L.I.:** Dune Deck (Westhampton 1400).... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-3971).... **YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.:** Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 2-4090); closed Mondays.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Fridays.)

### GALLERIES

**Group Shows**—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: Works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, from Winslow Homer and Albert Ryder to Jean Liberte, Sol Wilson, and John McCoy; through Sept. 8.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57th St.: A nicely varied collection of canvases and sculptures by Philip Pieck, Beatrice Cuming, Joseph Konzal, Ellis Wilson, and others, plus a group show centered on 57th Street scenes and personalities. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday eve-



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nings, 8:30 to 10:30; through Aug. 31. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57th St.: A pleasant group of oils and other works by such gallery artists as Paul Klee, Maxwell Mays, and Lucius Crowell; through Aug. 31. . . . **HACKER**, 24 W. 58th St.: Prints by Stanley William Hayter, Karl Schrag, Seong Moy, and others; through Sept. 2. Open Saturdays, 10 to 1:30. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Contemporary painters, among them John Sloan and William Kienbusch, in a showing of oils; through Aug. 31. . . . **LEVITT**, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: The third part of this gallery's seasonal retrospective, with works by Everett Spruce, Virginia Berresford, José de Rivera, and others; through Sept. 1. . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, Leon Kroll, and other Americans of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Sept. 1. . . . **SALPETER**, 36 W. 56th St.: New paintings, in several mediums, by Maurice Sievan, Shirley Hendrick, and Charles Heidenreich, among others. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 30. . . . **WELLONS**, 43 E. 50th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Gaston Lachaise, Henry Lee McFee, Paul Manship, William Harnett, and others; through Sept. 30. Open Saturdays.

**LANDSCAPES**—A small selection of French, Dutch, and English scenes, with examples by Courbet, Ruysdael, Constable, artists of the Barbizon school, and other famous exponents. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Aug. 31.)

**PRINTS**—An exhibition spanning the last half century. Artists of several countries are represented, among them Renoir, Picasso, Rivera, and Hayter. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10; through Oct. 21.)

**THE WOMAN IN FRENCH PAINTING**—As seen through the eyes of painters of the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 1.)

### MUSEUMS

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—Recently acquired American Indian, pre-Columbian Mexican, and Egyptian material. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 4.)

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition taken from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, and covering, roughly, the last fifty years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 29.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the work of the late Norwegian Edvard Munch, one of the forerunners of Expressionism; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story house, designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A showing by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay, Josef Albers, and Alice Mason, as well as by some Europeans who are new exhibitors here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Aug. 31.)

**NEWARK MUSEUM**, 49 Washington St., Newark—Twenty-seven pieces of sculpture by such contemporaries as Calder, Lachaise, Zorach, Epstein, and Maldarelli. (Weekdays, noon to 5; Thursday evenings, 6:30 to 9; Sundays, 2 to 6; through Sept. 30.)

### IN THE COUNTRY

**ANDOVER, MASS.** Addison Gallery of American Art: Student work from a number of art schools and universities throughout the country. Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5; through Sept. 24. . . . **CANAAN, N.Y.** Berkshire Art Center: John Marin, Jean Liberte, Julian Levi, and others. Daily, 3 to 6; through Sept. 4. . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: Twelfth annual exhibition by Guild Hall members. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 3 to 6; starting Aug. 11. . . . **ESSEX, CONN.** Essex Art Association: A members' group show. Daily, 1 to 5; through Aug. 20. . . . **GLOUCESTER, MASS.** North Shore Arts Association: Gordon Grant, Henry Gasser, Anthony Thieme, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through Sept. 17. . . . **HYANNIS, MASS.** Cape Cod Art Association: Elliott Orr, Xavier Gonzalez, and others. Daily, 10 to noon, 2 to 5, and 7 to 10; through Sept. 9. . . . **MYSTIC, CONN.** Mystic Art Association: Robert Brackman, Jacques Maroger, and others. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; through Sept. 4. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.** Silvermine Guild of Artists: "Religion in Art," a group show. Daily, except Tuesdays, 1 to 6; through Aug. 26. . . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Ogunquit Art Association: Thirtieth annual exhibition of paintings. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5:30; through Sept. 4. . . . **OLD LYME, CONN.** Lyme Art Association: Forty-ninth annual summer showing. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; through Aug. 20. . . . **PITTSFIELD, MASS.** The Berkshire Museum: Sculpture by Daniel Chester French. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; through Aug. 31. . . . **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Provincetown Art Association: French and American moderns, including Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, Adolph Gottlieb, and André Lanskoy. Daily, 10 to 10; through Sept. 4. . . . **ROCKLAND, MAINE.** William A. Farnsworth Art Museum: Oils, water colors, and drawings by about forty artists who have worked on Monhegan Island, among them George Bellows, Reuben Tam, and Milton Avery. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Aug. 30. . . . **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: A new showing by Stow Wengenroth, Gifford Beal, Ted Kautzky, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 6; through Sept. 17. . . . **SALISBURY, CONN.** George Baer Gallery: Paintings by "The Eight," among whom are Luks, Prendergast, and Sloan, along with work by such younger artists as Karl Schrag and William Kienbusch. Weekdays, 10 to 5; through Sept. 5. . . . **SOUTHAMPTON, L.I.** Parrish Museum: A group exhibition by local artists. Mondays, 2 to 5; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Thursday evenings, 7 to 9; Sundays, 3 to 5; through Aug. 13. . . . **STONY BROOK, L.I.** Suffolk Museum: A loan show of oils and water colors by Winslow Homer. Wednesdays through Sundays, 12:30 to 5:30; through Aug. 13. . . . **WOODSTOCK, N.Y.** Woodstock Artists Association: Eugene Speicher, Henry Matson, Alfeo Maggi, and others. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5 and 7 to 9; Sundays, 2 to 5; through Aug. 16.

## MUSIC

### IN TOWN

**JUILLIARD CONCERT**—Final performance of the season—Juilliard Summer Symphony, Walter Hendl conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Aug. 10, at 4. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 33.)

**CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS**—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in the final performances in this year's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Friday, Aug. 11, and Sunday, Aug. 13, at 8:30.)

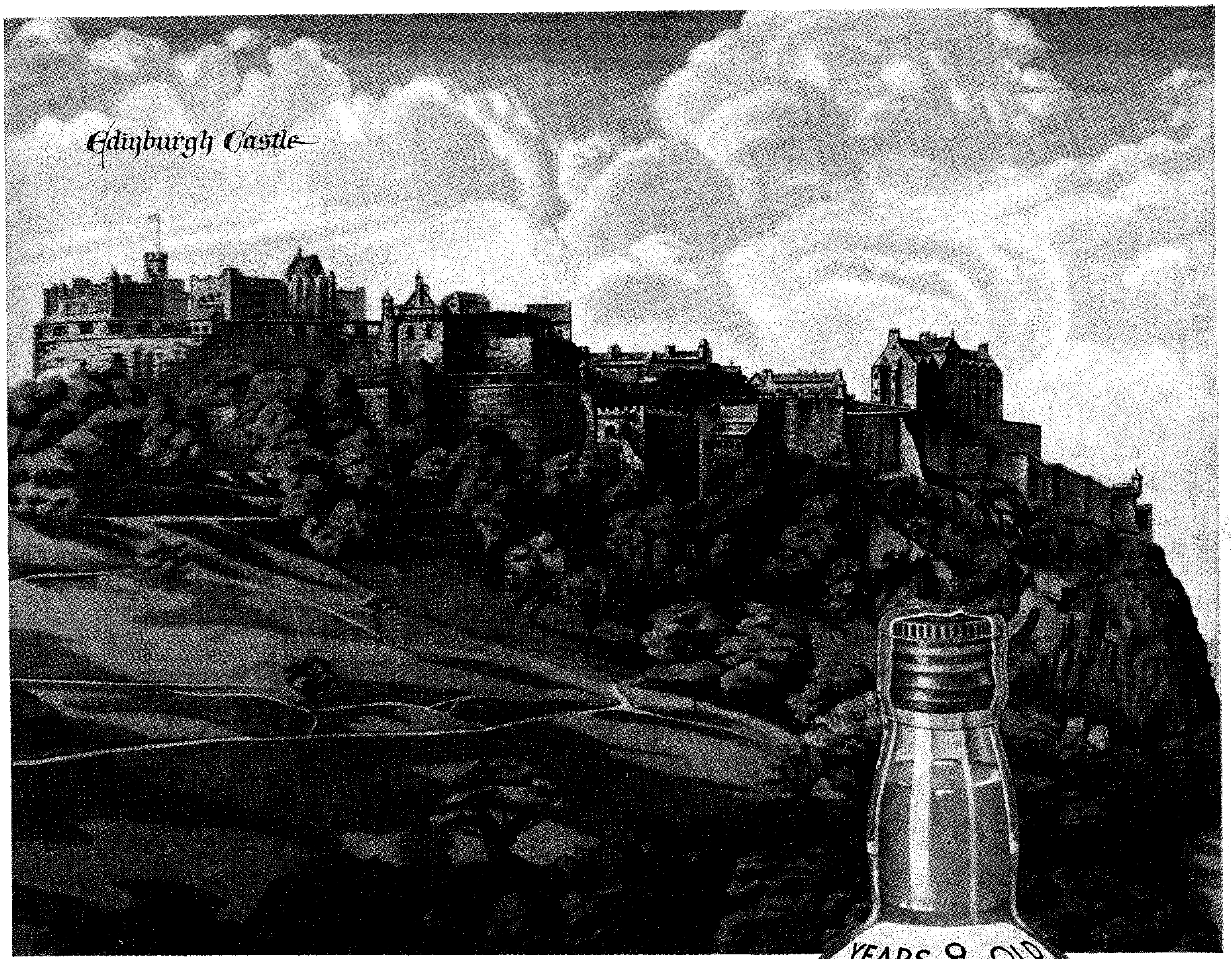
### IN THE COUNTRY

**BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL**—Final performances of the season by the Boston Symphony—Thursday, Aug. 10, at 5 and 8:15: Serge Koussevitzky conducting Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Adele Addison, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; David Lloyd, tenor; and James Pease, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 11, at 6: The annual "Tanglewood on Parade" program, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt narrating "Peter and the Wolf." Waltzing on the lawn and door prizes, too. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8:15: Eleazar de Carvalho conducting, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 13, at 3: Serge Koussevitzky conducting; no soloist. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

**BERKSHIRE QUARTET**—A series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4.)

## SPORTS

**BASEBALL**—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, Aug. 10, at 2:30; Friday, Aug. 11, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 12, at 2;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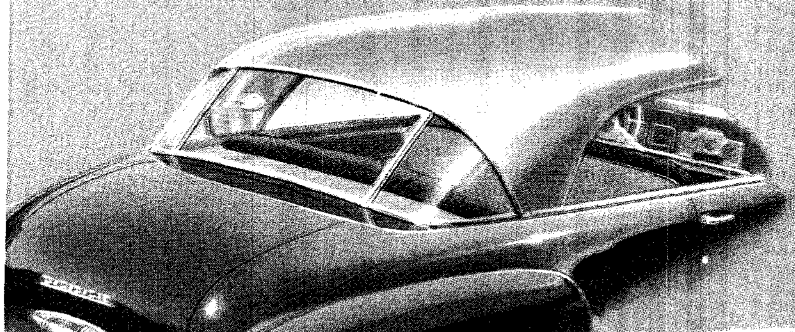

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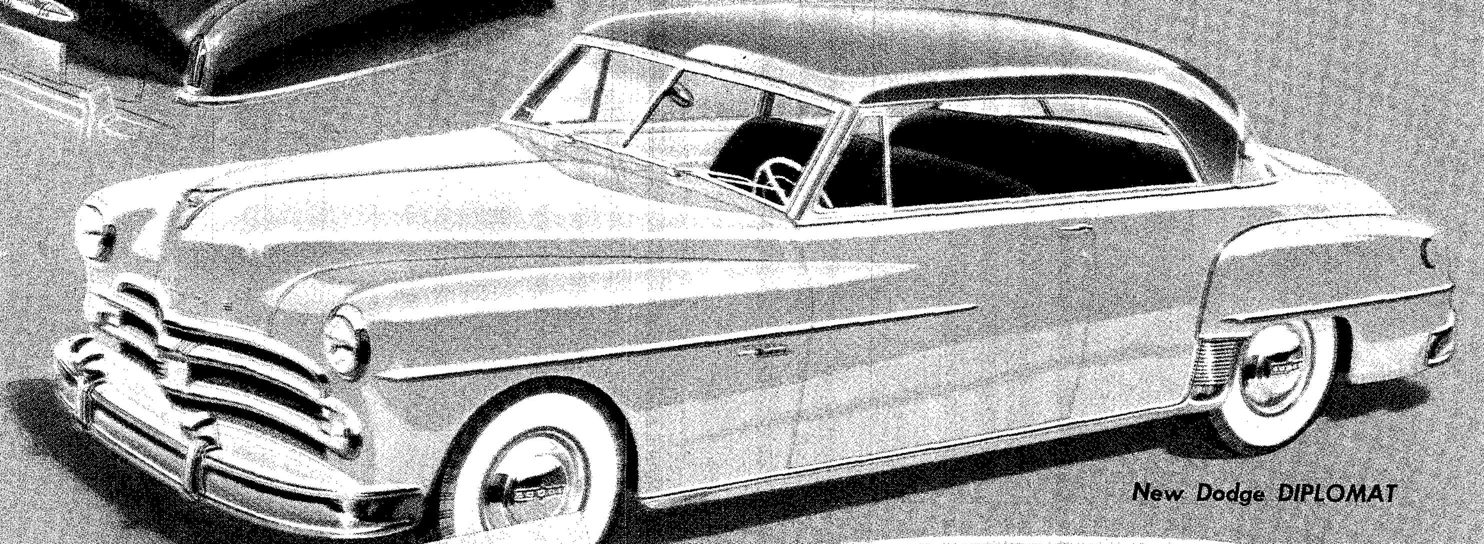

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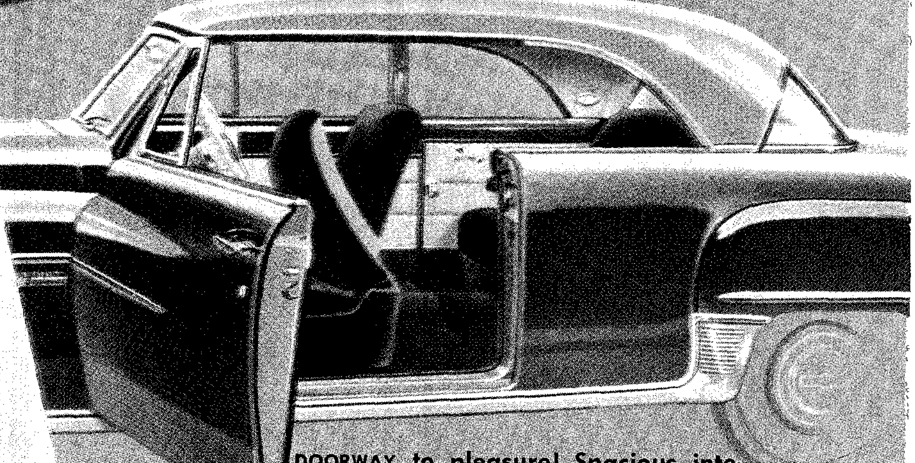

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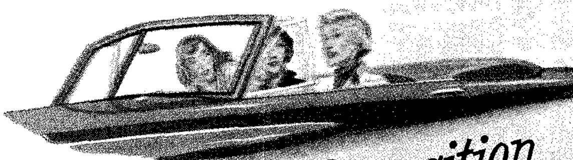

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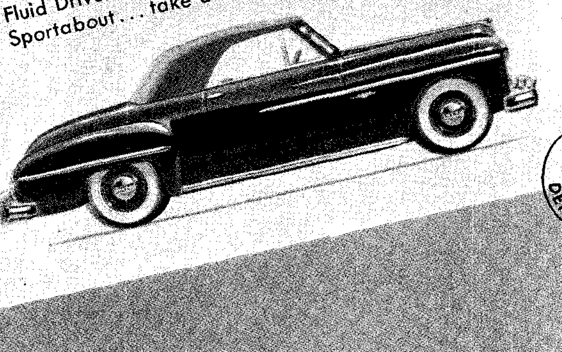

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Sunday, Aug. 13, at 2:05. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Dodgers, Tuesday, Aug. 15, at 8:30; Wednesday, Aug. 16, at 2:30; and Thursday, Aug. 17, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Aug. 18, at 8:30, and Saturday, Aug. 19, at 2:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Boston, Friday, Aug. 18, at 8:30, and Saturday, Aug. 19, at 2.

**GOLF**—Westchester County Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 10-12.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Open Championship. (Bonnie Briar Country Club, Larchmont. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 16-17.)

**POLO**—At BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. The National Twenty-Goal Tournament, semifinal, Sunday, Aug. 13. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

**RACING**—At Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Saratoga Special and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 12; the Diana, Tuesday, Aug. 15; the Spinaway, Wednesday, Aug. 16; and the Grand Union Hotel and the Saratoga Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 19.

**TENNIS**—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Through Sunday, Aug. 13.) . . . ¶ Davis Cup Inter-Zone Final. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 11-13.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 14-20.)

**TROTTING**—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 26. . . . GOOD TIME TRACK, Goshen: Daily at 1:30; through Friday, Aug. 11. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:40, from Tuesday, Aug. 15, through Monday, Aug. 28. (A train leaves Grand Central Station for the track daily at 7:11.)

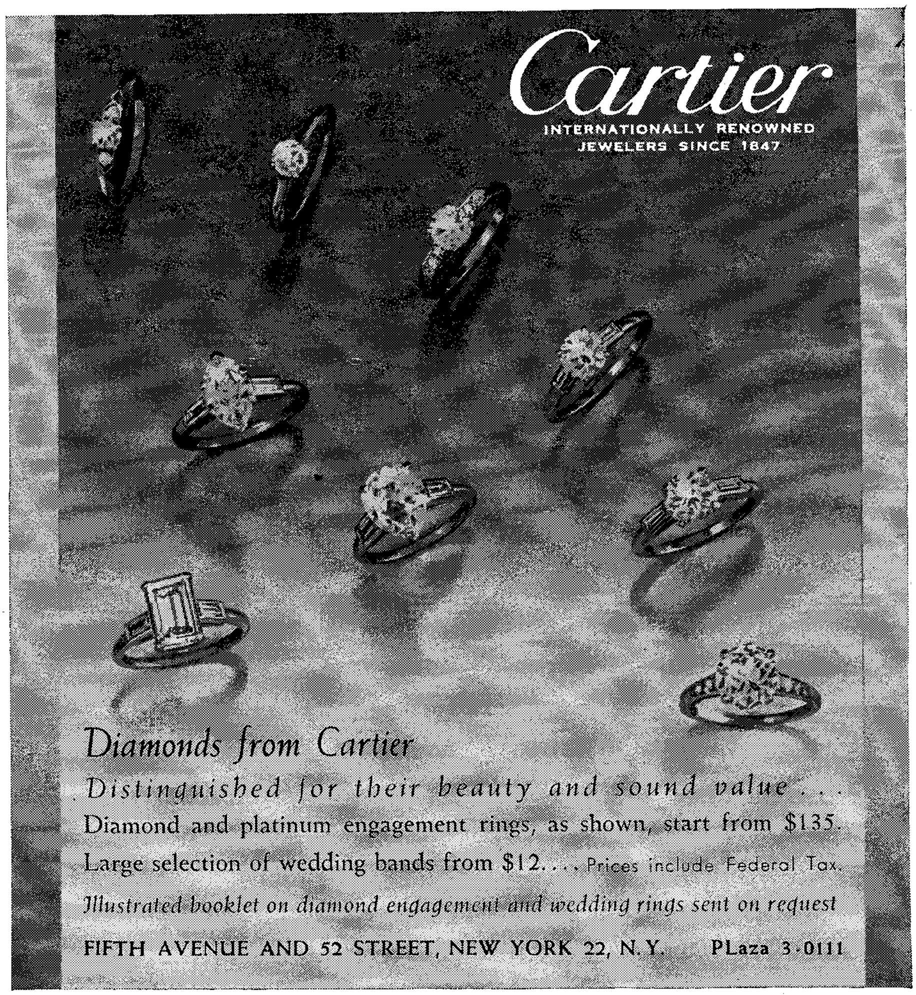
**YACHTING**—Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Through Saturday, Aug. 12.) . . . ¶ Hyannis Yacht Club Regatta. (Hyannis, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 11-12.) . . . ¶ New Bedford Yacht Club Regatta. (New Bedford, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18-19.)

## OTHER EVENTS

**UNITED NATIONS**—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM**—The summer show is called "A Trip to the Moon." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

**TRANSATLANTIC LINERS**—Nieuw Amsterdam: Arrives Friday, Aug. 11; sails Tuesday, Aug. 15, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Parthia: Arrives Saturday, Aug. 12; sails Friday, Aug. 18, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Queen Mary: Arrives Sunday, Aug. 13; sails Tuesday, Aug. 15, at noon. . . . ¶ Mauretania: Arrives Thursday, Aug. 17; sails Saturday, Aug. 19, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ De Grasse: Arrives Thursday, Aug. 17; sails Saturday, Aug. 19, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ Washington: Arrives Thursday, Aug. 17. . . . ¶ America: Arrives Thursday, Aug. 17. . . . ¶ Ile-de-France: Arrives Friday, Aug. 18; sails Saturday, Aug. 19, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Britannic: Arrives Saturday, Aug. 19.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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

### FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

**The Asphalt Jungle**—A skillfully acted drama about jewel thieves in the Middle West, directed by John Huston with his customary dexterity. The cast includes Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffe, Barry Kelley, and Sterling Hayden. (Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723; Aug. 10. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Aug. 10. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Aug. 13-15.)

**The Bicycle Thief**—A chronicle of the quest for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son, transformed by Vittorio De Sica into just about the best picture that has ever been turned out in Italy. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

**The Big Lift**—The United States Air Force breaking the blockade of Berlin. A picture that is most worth while when it concentrates on the activities of the Air Force, and least so when it goes in for some tedious romance. With Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas and a fair number of actual Air Force personnel. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 11-13.)

**The Fallen Idol**—A British picture, as good as they come, about a small boy who gets involved in a highly complex adult world of policemen, a shrewish woman, and violent death. From a short story by Graham Greene, and with Bobby Henrey, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan. (Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Aug. 15.)

**The Red Shoes**—Tucked away in this interminable British study of life among devotees of the dance is a stylish ballet. Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina are in the cast. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Third Man**—Orson Welles as a racketeer in postwar Vienna, being pursued all over the city by Joseph Cotten and several squads of cops. Directed by Carol Reed from a Graham Greene script, the film works up some taut scenes now and then. (Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting Aug. 12. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Aug. 15.)

**A Ticket to Tomahawk**—Dan Dailey and a bunch of other droll types forcing the iron horse over the Colorado Rockies. A fine burlesque Western. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 11-13.)

**The Winslow Boy**—The story of how a father rectifies an injustice done his son at an English naval academy, told in absorbing fashion. A British picture, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, and Margaret Leighton. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

## REVIVALS

**Alexander Nevsky** (1938)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 16.)

**All Quiet on the Western Front** (1930)—Remarque's grim description of what the common soldier was up against in the war to end wars. Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

**Animal Crackers** (1930)—The Marx Brothers on a houseparty. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; starting Aug. 12.)

**Carnival in Flanders** (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 12.)

**Chapayev** (1935)—Russian melodrama of a minor revolutionary hero. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 16.)

**City Lights** (1931)—The old, familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

**Crime Without Passion** (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder. With Claude Rains. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Aug. 16, tentative.)

**A Day at the Races** (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

**Day of Wrath** (1948)—Witchcraft in the early seventeenth century. A Danish production, directed by Carl Dreyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 14.)

**Dead of Night** (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Aug. 10.)

**Duck Soup** (1933)—The Marx Brothers *again*. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; starting Aug. 12.)

**Farrebique** (1948)—A French study of farm life, with a cast of French peasants. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 14.)

**Germany Year Zero** (1949)—Hitler's realm after the Führer's collapse, as seen by Rossellini. In German. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 14.)

**Good Old Days** (1944)—A feature-length film made up of old movies. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 11-16, tentative.)

**Grand Illusion** (1938)—A German prison in the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 12.)

**I Know Where I'm Going** (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Aug. 15-16.)

**Louisiana Story** (1948)—Robert Flaherty's poetic chronicle of Cajun life on a Southern bayou. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 15.)

**Mutiny on the Bounty** (1935)—Villainy at sea. Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

**Nanook of the North** (1922)—Robert Flaherty's famous documentary of the daily life of an Eskimo family on Hudson Bay, now embellished with a very good spoken commentary. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 15.)

**Quartet** (1949)—Four of Somerset Maugham's short stories pasted up together in an English film. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through Aug. 11.)

**The Scoundrel** (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woollcott in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Aug. 16, tentative.)

**Shoe-Shine** (1947)—Street children in Rome. An Italian film. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 12.)

**The Son of the Sheik** (1926)—The old one, with Rudolph Valentino. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 11-16, tentative.)

**Storm in a Teacup** (1938)—A British comedy about a Scottish village and a flock of dogs. With Vivien Leigh and Rex Harrison. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 15.)

**Thunder Rock** (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. A British film, with Michael Redgrave. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 10.)

**Tragic Hunt** (1948)—An Italian film concerning a lady bandit and her gang. With Vivo Gioi. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 10.)

**The Window** (1949)—About a persistent young fibber who happens to witness a real murder and can't get anybody to believe him. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 10.)

**The Wizard of Oz** (1939)—Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Aug. 12.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—Through Aug. 13: "Pépé le Moko" (1938), with Jean Gabin. . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 14: "Casablanca" (1942), with Ingrid Bergman, Humphrey Bogart, and Claude Rains. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

**Note**—"Marius," "Fanny," and "César," the full-length films that make up Marcel Pagnol's trilogy about Marseille and some of its raffish inhabitants, will be shown together, as a triple feature, at the Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370, Aug. 11. In French, with Raimu, Pierre Fresnay, and Orane Démazis.

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## THE BROADWAY AREA

### FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

**Astor**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Edge of Doom," Farley Granger, Dana Andrews, Joan Evans.

**Bijou**, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
**THE RED SHOES.**

**Capitol**, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through Aug. 16: "A Lady Without Passport," Hedy Lamarr, John Hodiak.

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Aug. 11: "So Young, So Bad," Catherine McLeod, Paul Henreid.
From Aug. 12: "Abbott and Costello in the Foreign Legion."

**Globe**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
**MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY**, revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.

**Little CinéMet**, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Aug. 10: "The Dream of Madame Butterfly" (in Italian), revival; and "Elisir d'Amore" (in Italian), revival.
Aug. 11-12: "Before Him All Rome Trembled" (in Italian), revival, Anna Magnani; and "Pagliacci" (in Italian), revival, Beniamino Gigli.
Aug. 13-14: "Lucia di Lammermoor" (in Italian), revival, Italo Tajo; and "Amami Alfredo" (in Italian), revival, Maria Cebotari.
From Aug. 15: "The Lost One" (in Italian), revival; and "One Night of Love," revival, Grace Moore.

**Mayfair**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Aug. 14: "Destination Moon," John Archer, Warner Anderson.
From Aug. 15: "Treasure Island," Bobby Driscoll, Robert Newton.

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Sunset Boulevard," Gloria Swanson, William Holden, Erich von Stroheim, Cecil B. DeMille.

**Paramount**, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Aug. 15: "My Friend Irma Goes West," John Lund, Marie Wilson.
From Aug. 16: "The Furies," Barbara Stanwyck, Wendell Corey.

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Aug. 15: "The Underworld Story," Dan Duryea, Gale Storm, Herbert Marshall.
From Aug. 16: "No Way Out," Richard Widmark, Linda Darnell.

**Roxy**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Panic in the Streets," Richard Widmark, Paul Douglas, Barbara Bel Geddes.

**State**, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Three Little Words," Fred Astaire, Vera-Ellen, Red Skelton.

**Strand**, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye," James Cagney.

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Our Very Own," Ann Blyth, Farley Granger.

**World**, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
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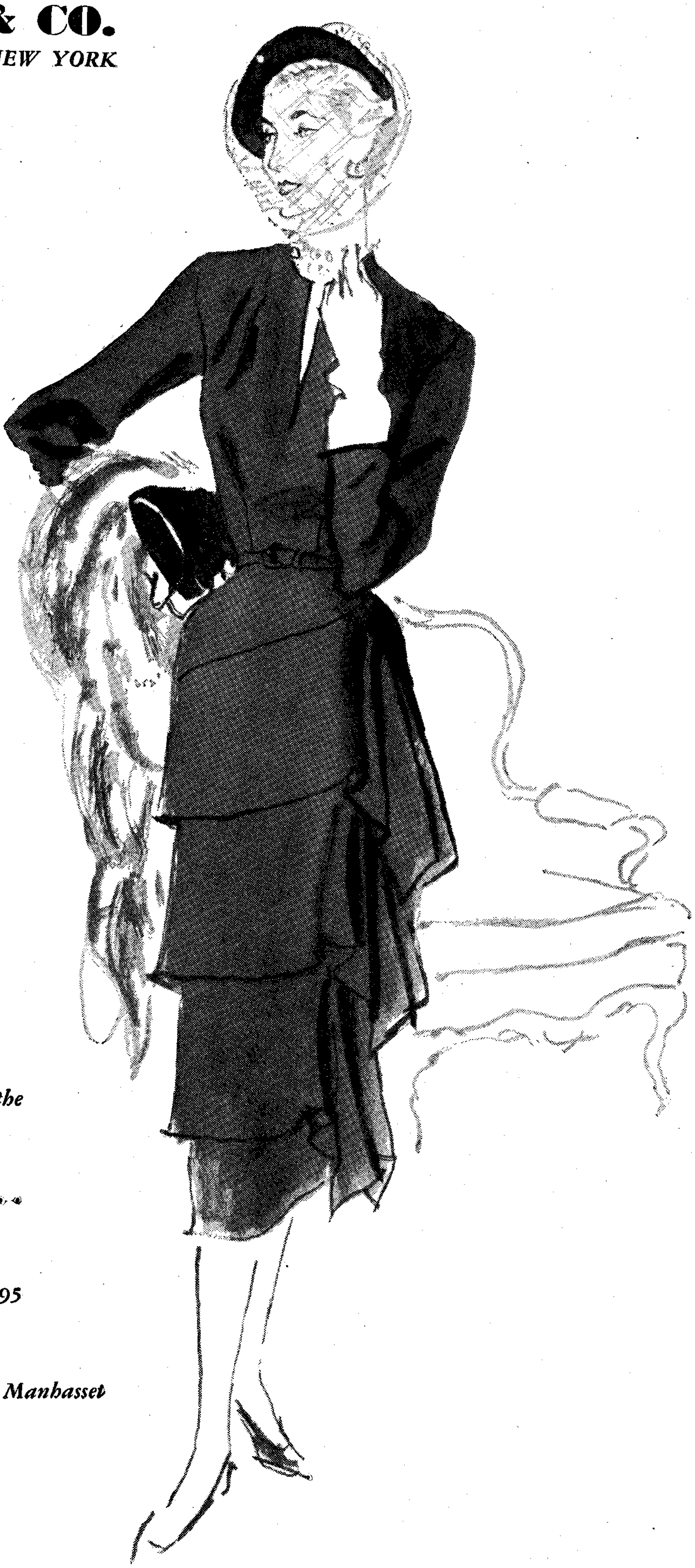

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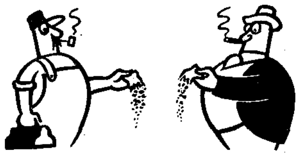
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

ONE day last week, the President asked Congress to increase income taxes and to appropriate nearly three and a half million dollars for the printing of new paper money, citing in support of the latter request the fact that much of the currency now in circulation is about worn out. It seems to us that Mr. Truman could have saved himself a lot of trouble, and heaven only knows how many naggly arguments with Republicans, by just letting both matters slide. If he had quietly let the currency wear out, the ensuing loss would have been spread equitably among all citizens—one-dollar bills disintegrating on the workingman and century bills on the big-money boys—and, since none of the money would have shown up at the Treasury Department for redemption, the effect on the nation's finances would have been roughly the same as the income-tax rise. Furthermore, think of all the money that would have been saved by not having to get up revised tax forms, not to mention the three and a half million for the new currency, which is just going to be handed right back in taxes anyhow.



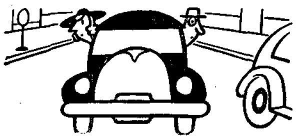
WHEN they drove the golden rivet in the new television tower on top of the Empire State Building the other day, they released, we noticed, ten balloons carrying lifetime passes to the structure's observatories. We've never taken much stock in grand gestures of this sort, realizing sadly that time passes, circumstances change, ardor cools; and at the time of the Empire State balloon dispersal, we were taking less stock in them than usual, for, it happens, we had just been told of the experience of a holder of a lifetime pass to another local institution. The story is this:

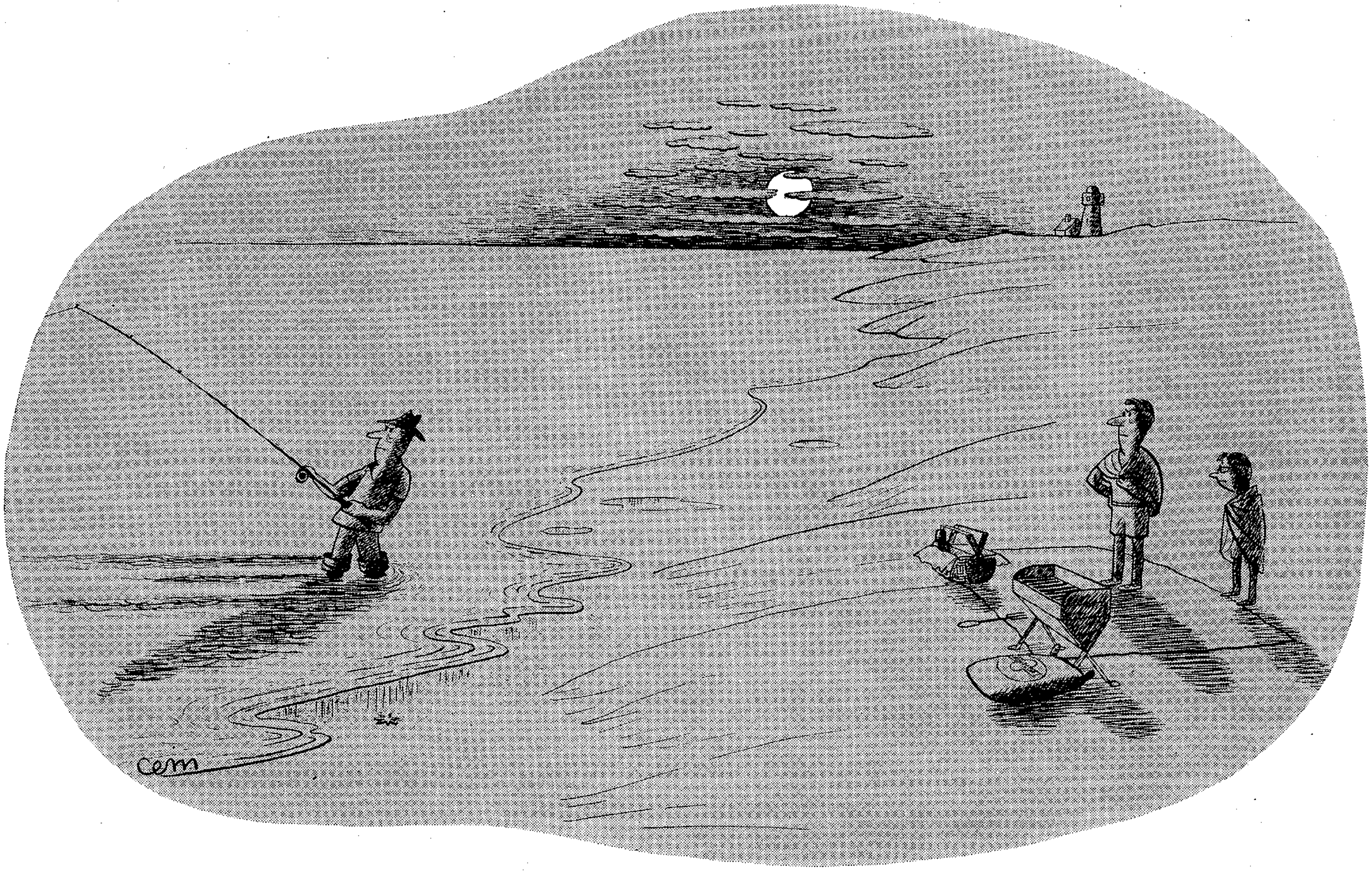
Back in 1934, a delegation of twenty-two Dutch school children—a boy and girl from each of the eleven provinces of Holland, dressed in their provincial costumes—came to New York on a good-will trip. Following an official reception at City Hall, they visited various points of interest, among them Radio City Music Hall, where the late William Van Schmus, then the managing director, gave them a lunch backstage, let them watch the dancers from the wings, and handed each of them a copper plate on which was engraved a welcome to the Hall and the recipient's name. This, Mr. Van Schmus told them, was a lifetime pass to the Hall, a permanent open-sesame; he hoped they'd come back often, they'd always be welcome. Well, one of them came back the other day, Mrs. W. van Andringa de Kempenaer, of Haarlem, who had hung on to her souvenir through the years, and the open-sesame didn't work. She was accompanied by her husband, who was here on business for his firm, and another Dutch couple. Mr. de K. bought three tickets and Mrs. de K. proudly presented her pass. It stumped the girl at the window, and she sent for her supervisor. It stumped him, too. It wasn't that he doubted the identification—Mrs. de K. produced her passport to establish that she was the former Machteld Matthes, aged seventeen at the time of her visit to New York—but that the matter was beyond his sphere of authority. He went off to consult the chief supervisor. No soap, he announced on his return. Mr. Van Schmus was dead, 1934 was quite a long time ago, et cetera. Mr. de K. remarked that it was too bad, and bought a fourth ticket.

As we said . . .

## *Impounded*

THE plan of the Department of Sanitation to tidy up one side of the city's streets one day and the opposite side the next day was tried out last week in a ninety-block area bounded by Houston Street, Thirteenth Street, Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive, and Fourth Avenue. One of the results of the test was a great deal of confusion among motorists, who complained that they couldn't figure out which side of the street it was safe to park on, and that if they guessed wrong, their cars were towed away. Where the cars were towed away to was an impounding depot at Twenty-second Street and the East River. On the third day of the experiment, we visited this depot and found forty-two captive cars lined up along the waterfront. We also found Martin R. O'Connell, the superintendent in charge. "Eighty-one live cars and eight dead ones have been hauled in so far," Mr. O'Connell told us. Asked what constituted a live car and what a dead car, he explained that live cars are ones with 1950 license plates and dead cars are ones with earlier plates, which have presumably been driven or pushed out into the streets and abandoned by their owners. "We have to describe the condition of all the dead cars we pick up, and we just put most of them down as





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wrecks," he said. At this point, an agitated red-haired man dashed up to Mr. O'Connell, waving a slip of paper. "My release," the man said. "Here I drive all the way from Canada to visit New York, and what kind of welcome do I get? I'm not here twenty minutes before some bureaucrat swipes my car. It's certainly not the way *we* treat visitors." "Keep your shirt on," said Mr. O'Connell. An assistant led the Canadian to his car. "A mild case," Mr. O'Connell informed us. "Most of them are pretty frantic. They can't figure how we got into their cars—our method is a secret—and they don't think we had any right to, anyway. Most of them want to maim me."

A Department tow truck drove in pulling a 1936 Plymouth. There was a policeman in the cab beside the driver. "Our men have to be protected," said Mr. O'Connell. "Some automobile owners feel stronger about their cars than about their wives." A taxi drew up, and a lady alighted and bore down on us swiftly. "My husband is going to sue you for several thousand dollars," she advised Mr. O'Connell. "A fine way to treat taxpayers! And furthermore, with all your schemes, the streets are *still* a disgrace." Mr. O'Connell's assistant steered her to her car. "What can I say to them?" Mr. O'Connell asked rhetorically. "They usually turn up here close to the boiling point and even a calm word may start a row. We send them first to the chief clerk at the Department headquarters, on Worth Street, where they pay ten bucks for the tow and get a release. Then they have to appear in Magistrates' Court and pay fifteen bucks more for illegal parking." He went on to say that the Department had given car operators plenty of notice about the new plan. Men on city relief, wearing armbands that bore the words "Parking Warden," canvassed the area several days in advance and explained the new rules, and enough signs, in Mr. O'Connell's estimation—three to side-street blocks and two to avenue blocks—had been put up. He had no sympathy for the people who said they couldn't see them. "The plan is working like a dream," he said, "and other parts of the city will be operating under it before long. When we put it into effect, there was so much refuse under parked cars that it almost lifted them off the street."

A young man approached the superintendent. "I own that 1937 Chrysler over there," he said. "I was told it has to be registered. Then I have to pay a towing charge and a parking fine. The damned car isn't worth forty dollars. You know anybody would like to have it for what it costs to get it out of here?" Mr. O'Connell directed him to a pierhouse where the Department has an office. "He could leave the car here," he told us. Cars that aren't called for in thirty days will be sent to an incumbrance depot at Old Ferry Point, under the Whitestone Bridge, and eventually, after certain legal steps, such as advertising for the owners, have been taken, they will be auctioned off or sold as junk. A man in a rumpled seersucker suit moved in on Mr. O'Connell. "You must believe me," he said earnestly. "I feel dizzy. I think if I keep driving, I will kill someone. So I stop the car at a doctor's. While I am being cured, you take my car. Even in Russia, my friend, they do not treat you in this manner." The man drifted morosely away. "A likely story," said Mr. O'Connell, and told us about an odd occurrence of the day before. "A man had just parked and ducked inside a building when a cop happened by and tagged his car. Right at that second, a tow truck happened by and picked the car up. The man wasn't in the building three minutes. He said he was going to sue us. They all do. Some claim they had a thousand dollars in the glove compartment. We tell them that if they did, it's still there." Mr. O'Connell's assistant went by us with a thin, worried-looking lady. "It's very simple," he was saying to her. "Between seven A.M. and three P.M., you can't park on the *north* side of the streets or the *west* side of the avenues." "Can or can't?" the lady inquired. "*Can't*," said the assistant. "Now, that holds true for Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, you can't park on the *south* side of the streets or the *east* side of the avenues. Sundays you can park anywhere you like. Isn't that simple?" "Why can't you have no parking on one side of the street for three days in a row and then have no parking on the other side for three days?" asked the lady. "It would give you a chance to do a real cleaning job, instead of a lick and a promise." "It's an age of specialization," Mr. O'Connell remarked to us. "Everybody is a specialist, particularly about sanitation."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Harlem Friendship Club is located at 1579 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

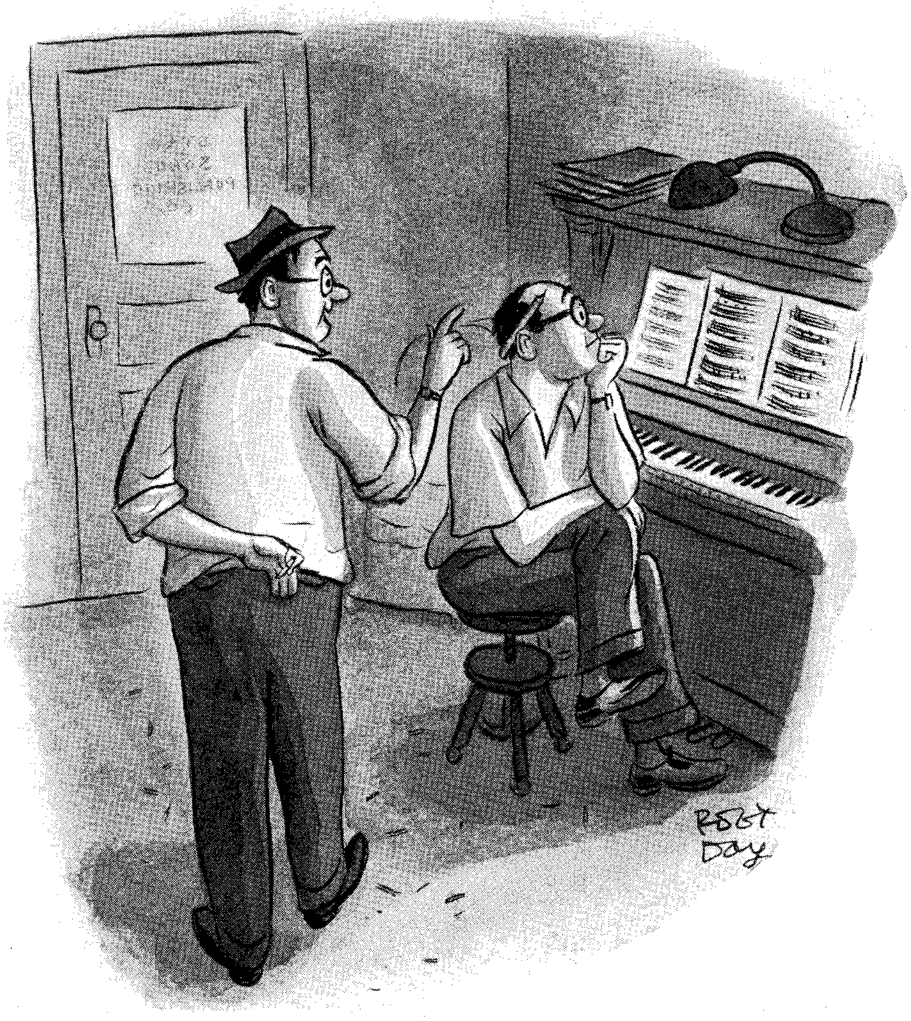
Bloomingdale's Delicacies Department weighs some of its wares on a pink-and-blue baby scale.

Embroidered on the right sleeve of one of the employees of the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Hotel, in Atlantic City, is the title Head Bellman Emeritus.

## *High Gear*

THE Renaissance man, or protean fellow, is a type we admire, so we are pleased to take up this week Mr. Willard B. Golovin, who is head of an advertising agency with clients like Glen Guard Sportswear and Peter Pan Fabrics, and who also is a poet, painter, photographer, friend of Matisse, foe of Picasso, and the possessor of an extensive collection of European paintings and African sculpture. We were privileged to inspect these objects, and their owner, at his apartment, in the West Fifties, the other afternoon. "My collection isn't as big as the Frick," said Mr. G., a bachelor of thirty-seven, "but I get— well, almost vibrations from beautiful things." We examined canvases by Roger van der Weyden, Hobbema, Hieronymus Bosch, Hogarth, Breughel, Van Dyck, Monticelli, and Velázquez, among others. "I bought most of these, but I inherited a few from my father," he said. "I clean them myself. I've developed my own combination of chemicals. Would you like to hear about my trip to Europe?" We nodded.

"After a few days in England," Mr. Golovin told us, "I bought a Citroën in Paris and did nine thousand seven hundred and fifty kilometres in France, Germany, Holland, Italy, and Switzerland. I'd get up at six, cover the churches between seven and ten, and go through the museums between ten and twelve. Then I'd drive to the next town, and cover its museums between two and four and its churches between four and seven. Do you want some of my reactions? . . . Well, in London I stayed at Claridge's, and I ran into David Milford Haven, but I felt as though the giant—England, you know—had gorged itself on the world and eaten its entrails out and was a shell, but also was beginning to make a comeback. The Elgin marbles shouldn't be trapped in that basement. They should be sent back to Greece, frankly. Lady Martin had invited me to the christening of her son, but I just couldn't stay. I flew to Paris, got my car (Jacques Roederer, of the champagne family, helped me with the necessary papers), went to an advertising convention in Zurich, and then started my tour of Continental art. I took photographs everywhere. I called on Matisse in Nice. I showed him some pictures I'd taken, and he said it was the first time he'd seen real poetry in photographs. So I took some of him. I called on Picasso in Vallauris, and he sent out word for me to come back the next morning at nine. I did, and he sent out word for me to come back the *next* morning at nine. Well, *that* morning his mistress said, 'The Maestro will not see you today.' I remonstrated, and she told me to go away. I refused. Picasso finally poked his head through the door and told me to leave. I said—in French, of course—'I respect you as a painter but not as a man.' His face turned red. I took a picture of his garbage as I left; apparently it never gets removed. I dined with de Chirico in Rome, and, at Matisse's suggestion, showed my photographs to the proprietor of the Galleria dell' Obelisco. He gave a show of them. Venice was cold but vibrant. In Ger-



*" 'With the old U.N., we'll do it again'—how about that?"*

many, children threw pebbles at my car. In Holland, they didn't. Altogether, I took two hundred and fifty photographs, which I hope to publish in two books—one of places, the other of faces."

Mr. Golovin paused, then asked, "Would you like to hear about my shoe venture?" We said indeed, and he told us that a few months ago, at a cocktail party, a shoe-manufacturing acquaintance of his, Max Goldbach, announced that he was going to wind up his business, because of lack of sales. "He said, 'My salesmen run into "No, no, no" wherever they go,' " said Mr. Golovin. "I remembered a sandal I'd seen in a Carpaccio, and I drew it, and asked Goldbach whether he could make me one and have it in my office at nine the next morning. 'Give me forty-eight hours before you close your plant,' I said. Well, he came in, red-eyed from staying up all night, with the sandal, and I took it to six stores—Altman, Best, Arnold Constable, Stern, Bamberger, and Abraham & Straus—and by five that afternoon I had orders for thirty-eight hundred pairs. Goldbach couldn't believe it. He's since opened a new factory, in Brooklyn. I first learned about merchandising at fifteen, as a stock boy at John Forsythe. I was assistant merchandise manager of De Pinna at nineteen, merchandise manager of all the Peck & Peck stores a year or so later, and of Best at twenty-five. I was making a hell of a lot of money, but I felt I was getting very hard. I cast about for some work that would get me close to art, my primary love, and opened my own advertising agency. I was the first to use ballet pictures in advertising—to sell stockings." Mr. Golovin, who paints on weekends, showed us an abstraction of his, a ballet dancer. "I think my poetry is more lucid," he said, and handed us a sheaf thereof. We reprint, with permission, one of his favorites:

Modesty's a cloak I never wear
  retards, restricts creative flair
Let others don its mantling virtue
  but for me 'tis insincere
this shifting forward to low gear.

## *Non-Captive Audience*

A LADY who favors classical music—and whose veracity we can vouch for—has written to tell us that her cat has long snoozed on her radio, from time to time, listening to Bach and Beethoven with apparent contentment. Last Sunday, however, he discovered that turning a dial changes the station. Restless during a string-quartet selection, he paced about for a while on the radio, then jumped down to the tabletop on which the radio sits and started turning the knob. He tried a number of programs, giving each one a minute or two, and, finally settling on a disc-jockey show, jumped back onto the radio and stretched out, purring.

## *Emotional Doll*

THE news that Tiny Tears, a doll whose accomplishments include, uniquely, the shedding of tears, has been crying her way into the infant-ridden home of many a department-store customer around town sent us to the birthplace of this talented puppet, the headquarters of the American Character Doll Company, on lower Fifth Avenue. There the company's president, Mr. Jacob Brock, a genial man in his fifties, told us that the modern rubber doll, of which Tiny Tears is an example, was fathered by him in 1931. "The doll business was in its infancy in 1919, when, seeking a field that called for creative ability and imagination, I entered it," he said. "Hard composition was the order of the day. The dolls didn't do anything; they just sat around, like—uh—dolls. I eventually introduced rubber, a real sensation from every point of view, and more of the touch of human anatomy. For example, my first rubber doll had a complete steel frame, with ribs. After all, a doll is to a child what a real baby is to a real mother. The closer to reality you make it, the more play volume there is to it. Mr. Schwartz!"

Mr. Schwartz, a salesman who had been hovering in the offing, waved an early rubber model at us. "All I can say to you," Mr. Brock said to us, "is that in one month in 1931, when there were bread lines on the streets, we sold the entire production for the year. Miss Morrison!"

Miss Morrison, American Character's field representative and head doll demonstrator, joined us, cradling in her arms a sixteen-inch, nine-ninety-eight (retail, including layette) model of Tiny Tears. "Of course, you know Tiny's all rubber," she said, "except for a plastic head, which is unbreakable and can be submerged in water, due to the fact that her eyes are treated with cadmium and will not rust." Miss Morrison held a water-filled nursing bottle to Tiny Tears' lips, tilted it up, and squeezed her charge's stomach. Water oozed from Tiny Tears' eyes, and an anguished wail arose from her interior. "Real tears!" said Miss Morrison triumphantly.

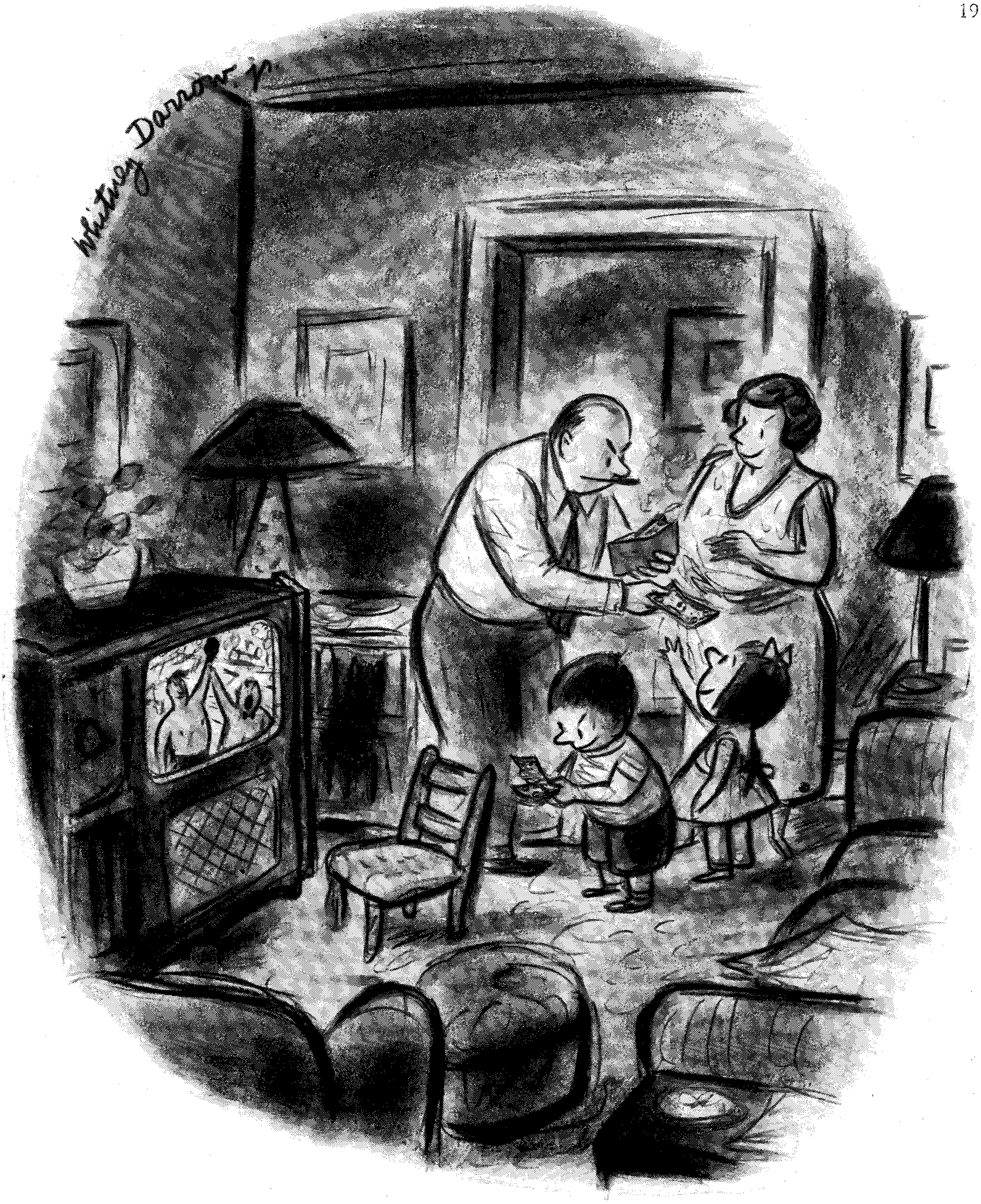
"She cries lustily, with sounds and tears," said Mr. Brock. "A brand-new feature, exclusive with us. She was first introduced at the Stork Club, last March, to fifty prominent buyers. We have two factories, but we can't make 'em fast enough for the demand. We have no stock on the floor."

"There's a size for every little girl and a price for every mother," said Miss Morrison with an affectionate glance at Tiny Tears. "Her hair is real lamb's wool, and can be shampooed, combed, and brushed."

"The tears come from a little contraption in the head," said Mr. Brock. "We're always trying to develop features in dolls that will stimulate a child's character and imagination. And a mother's, too, for that matter. A mother is just a grown-up kid, you know. I venture to say that your wife would play with a doll if no one was looking."

We let that ride, and asked Mr. B. if he didn't think some children might grow as fond of unaccomplished dolls as of ones that cried. "Not as much play volume," he replied firmly. "My staff and I are always looking for new ideas, more play volume. Tiny Tears snuffles, in addition to crying, and in the past we introduced a doll—Rockabye Baby—with a special eye mechanism that kept its eyes open when you laid it down but closed them after you'd rocked it a number of times. The rubber doll is my baby, and I love it, but I wouldn't say we've reached the top as far as the development of dolls is concerned. I *would* say, however, that we have made just as great progress in the doll industry as the automobile business has made in the present era, or even greater."

"Big, wet, juicy tears!" said Miss


Whitney Darrow, jr.

Morrison tenderly, giving T.T. another swig.

## *Distinction*

FELLOW called Western Union and dictated a telegram to his wife, who, with the children, is spending August in a farmhouse near a northern Vermont village. The girl who took down the message asked if there was a telephone at the place, and upon being told that there wasn't said that the telegram would have to be delivered by special messenger from the nearest Western Union office, at a cost to be ascertained later, or else forwarded by mail. While our man weighed this choice, he remarked that he was surprised; he'd always heard that Western Union was prepared to make deliveries anywhere in the world. "Anywhere in the *world*, yes," said the young lady, "but not way off in the country like that."

# IN GREENWICH, THERE ARE MANY GRAVELLED WALKS

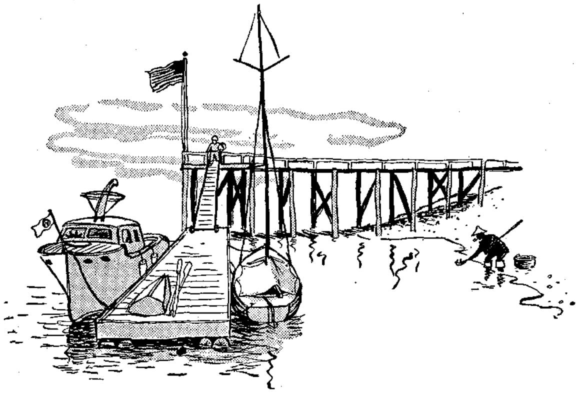
ON an afternoon in early August, Peter Birge, just returned from driving his mother to the Greenwich sanitarium she had to frequent at intervals, sat down heavily on a furbelowed sofa in the small apartment he and she had shared ever since his return from the Army a year ago. He was thinking that his usually competent solitude had become more than he could bear. He was a tall, well-built young man of about twenty-three, with a pleasant face whose even, standardized look was the effect of proper food, a good dentist, the best schools, and a brush haircut. The heat, which bored steadily into the room through a Venetian blind lowered over a half-open window, made his white T shirt cling to his chest and arms, which were still brown from a week's sailing in July at a cousin's place on the Sound. The family of cousins, one cut according to the pattern of a two-car-and-country-club suburbia, had always looked with distaste on his precocious childhood with his mother in the Village and, the few times he had been farmed out to them during those early years, had received his healthy normality with ill-concealed surprise, as if they had clearly expected to have to fatten up what they undoubtedly referred to in private as "poor Anne's boy." He had only gone there at all, this time, when it became certain that the money saved up for a summer abroad, where his Army stint had not sent him, would have to be spent on one of his mother's trips to Greenwich, leaving barely enough, as it was, for his next, and final, year at the School of Journalism. Half out of disheartenment over his collapsed summer, half to provide himself with a credible "out" for the too jovially pressing cousins at Rye, he had registered for some courses at the Columbia summer session. Now these were almost over, too, leaving a gap before the fall semester began. He had cut this morning's classes in order to drive his mother up to the place in Connecticut.

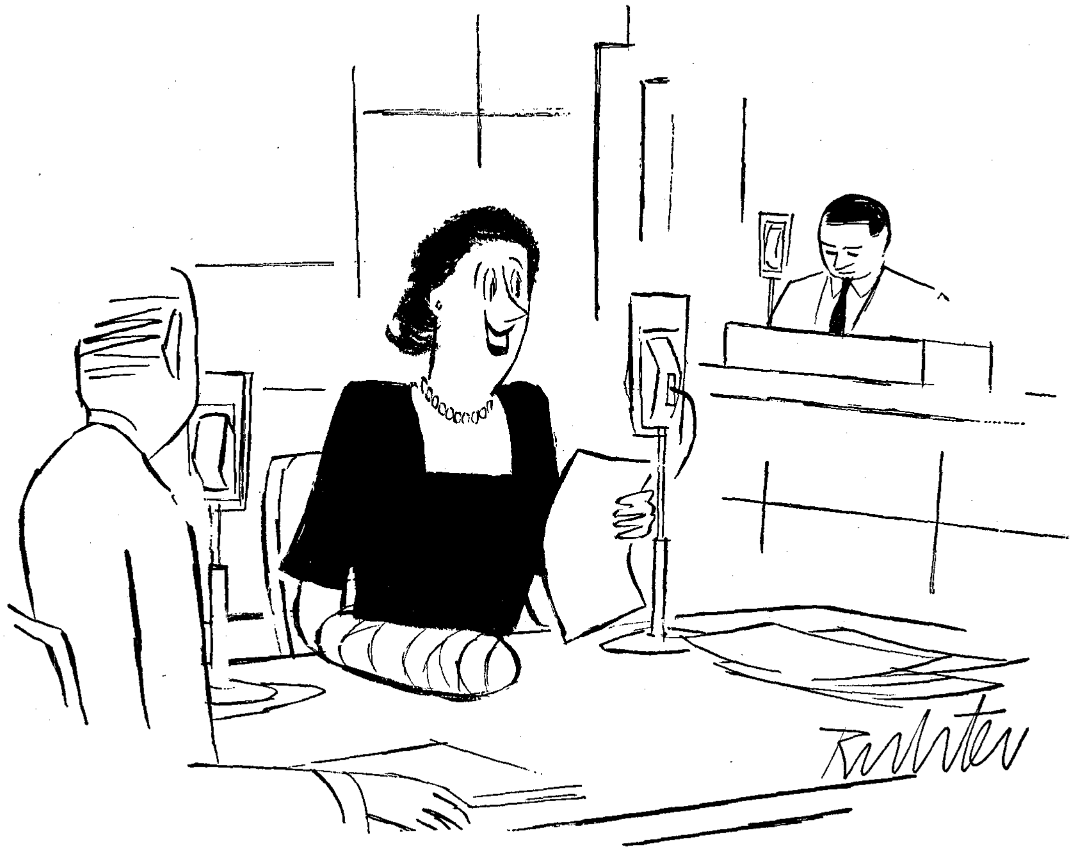
He stepped to the window and looked through the blind at the convertible parked below, on West Tenth Street. He ought to call the garage for the pickup man, or else, until he thought of someplace to go, he ought to hop down and put up the top. Otherwise, baking there in the hot sun, the car would be like a griddle when he went to use it, and the leather seats were cracking badly anyway.

It had been cool when he and his mother started, just after dawn that morning, and the air of the well-ordered countryside had had that almost speaking freshness of early day. With her head bound in a silk scarf and her chubby little chin tucked into the cardigan which he had buttoned on her without forcing her arms into the sleeves, his mother, peering up at him with the near-gaiety born of relief, had had the exhausted charm of a child who has just been promised the thing for which it has nagged. Anyone looking at the shingled hair, the feet in small brogues—anyone not close enough to see how drawn and beakish her nose looked in the middle of her little, round face, which never reddened much with drink but at the worst times took on a sagging, quilted whiteness—might have thought the two of them were a couple, any couple, just off for a day in the country. No one would have thought that only a few hours before, some time after two, he had been awakened, pounded straight up on his feet, by the sharp, familiar cry and then the agonized susurrus of prattling that went on and on and on, that was different from her everyday, artlessly confidential prattle only in that now she could not stop, she could not stop, *she could not stop*, and above the small, working mouth with its eliding, spinning voice, the glazed button eyes opened wider and wider, as if she were trying to breathe through them. Later, after the triple bromide, the warm bath, and the crooning, practiced soothing he administered so well, she had hiccuped into crying, then into stillness at last, and had fallen asleep on his breast. Later still, she had awakened him, for he must have fallen asleep there in the big chair with her, and with the weak, humiliated goodness which always followed these times she had even tried to help him with the preparations for the journey—preparations which, without a word between them, they had set about at once. There'd been no doubt, of course, that she would have to go. There never was.

He left the window and sat down again in the big chair, and smoked one cigarette after another. Actually, for a drunkard—or an alcoholic, as people preferred to say these days—his mother was the least troublesome of any. He had thought of it while he packed the pairs of daintily kept shoes, the sweet-smelling blouses and froufrou underwear, the tiny, perfect dresses—of what a comfort it was that she had never grown raddled or blowzy. Years ago, she had perfected the routine within which she could feel safe for months at a time. It had gone on for longer than he could remember: from before the death of his father, a Swedish engineer, on the income of whose patents they had always been able to live fairly comfortably; probably even during her life with that other long-dead man, the painter whose model and mistress she had been in the years before she married his father. There would be the long, drugged sleep of the morning, then the unsteady hours when she manicured herself back into cleanliness and reality. Then, at about four or five in the afternoon, she and the dog (for there was always a dog) would make their short pilgrimage to the clubby, cozy little hangout where she would be a fixture until far into the morning, where she had been a fixture for the last twenty years.

Once, while he was at boarding school, she had made a supreme effort to get herself out of the routine—for his sake, no doubt—and he had returned at Easter to a new apartment, uptown, on Central Park West. All that this had resulted in was inordinate taxi fares and the repetitious nightmare evenings when she had gotten lost and he had found her, a small, untidy heap, in front of their old place. After a few months, they had moved back to the Village, to those few important blocks where she felt safe and known and loved. For they all knew her there, or got to know her—the aging painters, the newcomer poets, the omniscient news hacks, the military spinsters who bred dogs, the anomalous, sandalled young men. And they accepted her, this dainty hanger-on who neither painted nor wrote but hung their paintings on her walls, faithfully read their parti-colored magazines, and





*"And now a word of caution—when lighting the oven, always make very sure the gas is turned off before striking the match."*

• •

knew them all—their shibboleths, their feuds, the whole vocabulary of their disintegration, and, in a mild, occasional manner, their beds.

Even this, he could not remember not knowing. At ten, he had been an expert compounder of remedies for hangover, and of an evening, standing sleepily in his pajamas to be admired by the friends his mother sometimes brought home, he could have predicted accurately whether the party would end in a brawl or in a murmurous coupling in the dark.

It was curious, he supposed now, stubbing out a final cigarette, that he had never judged resentfully either his mother or her world. By the accepted standards, his mother had done her best; he had been well housed, well schooled, even better loved than some of the familied boys he had known. Wisely, too, she had kept out of his other life, so that he had never had to be embarrassed there except once, and this when he was grown, when she had visited his Army camp. Watching her at a post party for visitors, poised there, so chic, so distinctive, he had suddenly seen it begin: the fear, the scare, then the compulsive talking, which always started so innocently that only he would have noticed at first—that warm, excited, buttery flow of harmless little lies and pretensions which gathered its dreadful speed and content and ended then, after he had whipped her away, just as it had ended this morning.

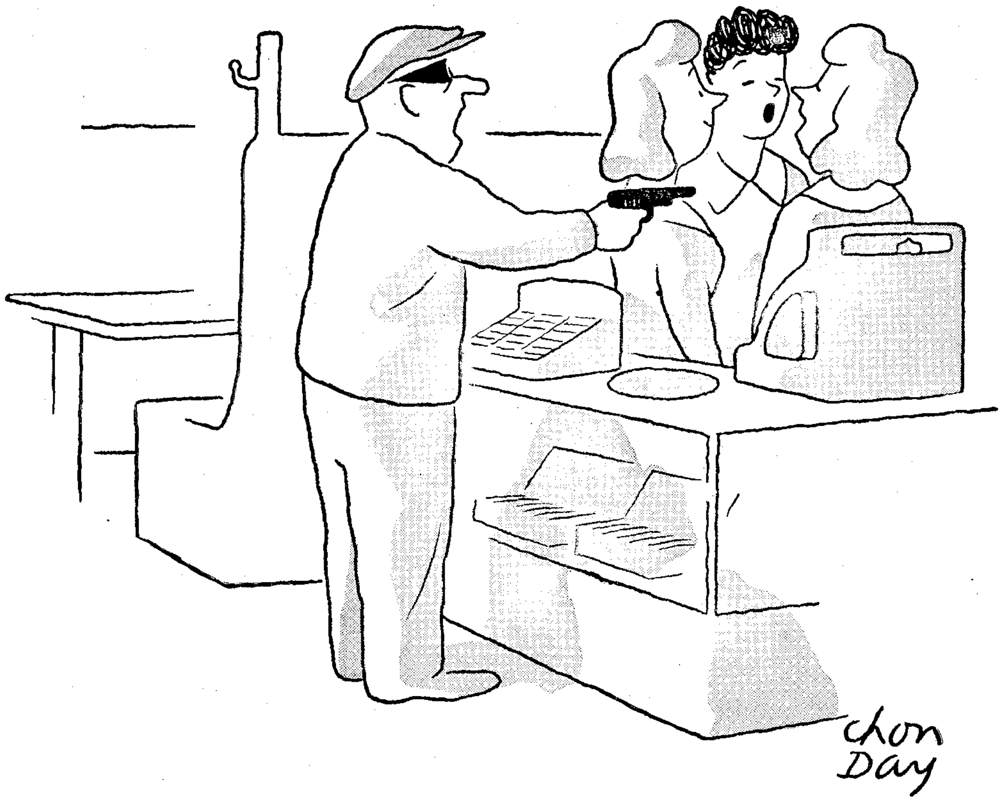
On the way up this morning, he had been too clever to subject her to a restaurant, but at a drive-in place he was able to get her to take some coffee. How grateful they had both been for the coffee, she looking up at him, tremulous, her lips pecking at the cup, he blessing the coffee as it went down her! And afterward, as they flew onward, he could feel her straining like a homing pigeon toward their destination, toward the place where she felt safest of all, where she would gladly have stayed forever if she had just had enough money for it, if they would only let her stay. For there the pretty little woman and her dog—a poodle, this time—would be received like the honored guest that she was, so trusted and docile a guest, who asked only to hide there during the season of her discomfort, who was surely the least troublesome of them all.

HE had no complaints, then, he assured himself as he sat on the burning front seat of the convertible trying to think of somewhere to go. It was just that while others of his age still shared a communal wonder at what life might hold, he had long since been solitary in his knowledge of what life was.

Up in a sky as honestly blue as a flag, an airplane droned smartly toward Jersey. Out at Rye, the younger crowd at the club would be commandeering the hot blue day, the sand, and the water, as if these were all extensions of themselves. They would use the evening this way, too, disappearing from the veranda after a dance, exploring each other's rhythm-and-whiskey-whetted appetites in the backs of cars. They all thought themselves a pretty sophisticated bunch, the young men who had graduated not into a war but into its hung-over peace, the young girls attending junior colleges so modern that the deans had to spend all their time declaring that their girls were being trained for the family and the community. But when Peter looked close and saw how academic their sophistication was, how their undamaged eyes were still starry with expectancy, their lips still avidly open for what life would surely bring, then he became envious and awkward with them, like a guest at a party to whose members he carried bad news he had no right to know, no right to tell.

He turned on the ignition and let the humming motor prod him into a decision. He would drop in at Robert Vielum's, where he had dropped in quite often until recently, for the same reason that others stopped by at Vielum's—because there was always likely to be somebody there. The door of Robert's old-fashioned apartment, on Claremont Avenue, almost always opened on a heartening jangle of conversation and music, which meant that others had gathered there, too, to help themselves over the pauses so endemic to university life—the life of the mind—and there were usually several members of Robert's large acquaintance among the sub-literary, quasi-artistic, who had strayed in, ostensibly en route somewhere, and who lingered on hopefully on the chance that in each other's company they might find out what that somewhere was.

Robert was a perennial taker of



*"I said, 'Stick 'em up!'"*

* * *

courses—one of those non-matriculated students of indefinable age and income, some of whom pursued, with monkish zeal and no apparent regard for time, this or that freakishly peripheral research project of their own conception, and others of whom, like Robert, seemed to derive a Ponce de León sustenance from the young. Robert himself, a large man of between forty and fifty, whose small features were somewhat cramped together in a wide face, never seemed bothered by his own lack of direction, implying rather that this was really the catholic approach of the "whole man," alongside of which the serious pursuit of a degree was somehow foolish, possibly vulgar. Rumor connected him with a rich Boston family that had remittanced him at least as far as New York, but he never spoke about himself, although he was extraordinarily alert to gossip. Whatever income he had he supplemented by renting his extra room to a series of young men students. The one opulence among his dun-colored, perhaps consciously Spartan effects was a really fine record-player, which he kept going at all hours with selections from his massive collection. Occasionally he annotated the music, or the advance-copy novel that lay on his table, with foreign-language tags drawn from the wide, if obscure, latitudes of his travels, and it was his magic talent for assuming that his young friends, too, had known, had experienced, that, more than anything, kept them enthralled.

"*Fabelhaft!* Isn't it?" he would say of the Mozart. "Remember how they did it that last time at Salzburg!" and they would all sit there, included, belonging, headily remembering the Salzburg to which they had never been. Or he would pick up the novel and lay it down again. "*La plume de mon oncle*, I'm afraid. *La plume de mon oncle Gide. Eheu*, poor Gide!"—and they would each make note of the fact that one need not read that particular book, that even, possibly, it was no longer necessary to read Gide.

PETER parked the car and walked into the entrance of Robert's apartment house, smiling to himself, lightened by the prospect of company. After all, he had been weaned on the salon talk of such circles; these self-fancying little bohemias at least made him feel at home. And Robert was cleverer than most—it was amusing to watch him. For just as soon as his satellites thought themselves secure on the promontory of some "trend" he had pointed out to them, they would find that he had deserted them, had gone on to another trend, another eminence, from which he beckoned, cocksure and just faintly malicious. He harmed no one permanently. And if he concealed some skeleton of a weakness, some closeted Difference with the Authorities, he kept it decently interred.

As Peter stood in the dark, soiled hallway and rang the bell of Robert's apartment, he found himself as suddenly depressed again, unaccountably reminded of his mother. There were so many of them, and they affected you so, these charmers who, if they could not offer you the large strength, could still atone for the lack with so many small decencies. It was admirable, surely, the way they managed this. And surely, after all, they harmed no one.

Robert opened the door. "Why, hello— Why, hello, Peter!" He seemed surprised, almost relieved. "Greetings!" he added, in a voice whose boom was more in the manner than the substance. "Come in, Pietro, come in!" He wore white linen shorts, a zebra-striped beach shirt, and huaraches, in which he moved easily, leading the way down the dark hall of the apartment, past the two bedrooms, into the living room. All of the apartment was on a court, but on the top floor, so it received a medium, dingy light from above. The living room, long and pleasant, with an old white mantel, a gas log, and many books, always came as a surprise after the rest of the place, and at any time of day Robert kept a few lamps lit, which rouged the room with an evening excitement.

As they entered, Robert reached over in passing and turned on the record-player. Music filled the room, muted but insistent, as if he wanted it to patch up some lull he had left behind. Two young men sat in front of the dead gas log. Between them was a table littered with maps, an open atlas, travel folders, glass beer steins. Vince, the current roomer, had his head on his clenched fists. The other man, a stranger, indolently raised a dark, handsome head as they entered.

"Vince!" Robert spoke sharply. "You know Peter Birge. And this is Mario Osti. Peter Birge."

The dark young man nodded and smiled, lounging in his chair. Vince nodded. His red-rimmed eyes looked beyond Peter into some distance he seemed to prefer.

"God, isn't it but hot!" Robert said. "I'll get you a beer." He bent over Mario with an inquiring look, a caressing hand on the empty glass in front of him.

Mario stretched back on the chair,

smiled upward at Robert, and shook his head sleepily. "Only makes me hotter." He yawned, spread his arms languorously, and let them fall. He had the animal self-possession of the very handsome; it was almost a shock to hear him speak.

Robert bustled off to the kitchen.

"Robert!" Vince called, in his light, pouting voice. "Get me a drink. Not a beer. A drink." He scratched at the blond stubble on his cheek with a nervous, pointed nail. On his round head and retroussé face, the stubble produced the illusion of a desiccated baby, until, looking closer, one imagined that he might never have been one, but might have been spawned at the age he was, to mummify perhaps but not to grow. He wore white shorts exactly like Robert's, and his blue-and-white striped shirt was a smaller version of Robert's brown-and-white, so that the two of them made an ensemble, like the twin outfits the children wore on the beach at Rye.

"You know I don't keep whiskey here." Robert held three steins deftly balanced, his heavy hips neatly avoiding the small tables which scattered the room. "You've had enough, wherever you got it." It was true, Peter remembered, that Robert was fonder of drinks with a flutter of ceremony about them—*café brûlé* perhaps, or, in the spring, a *Maibowle*, over which he could chant the triumphant details of his pursuit of the necessary woodruff. But actually one tippled here on the exhilarating effect of wearing one's newest façade, in the fit company of others similarly attired.

Peter picked up his stein. "You and Vince all set for Morocco, I gather."

"Morocco?" Robert took a long pull at his beer. "No. No, that's been changed. I forgot you hadn't been around. Mario's been brushing up my Italian. He and I are off for Rome the day after tomorrow."

The last record on the changer ended in an archaic battery of horns. In the silence while Robert slid on a new batch of records, Peter heard Vince's nail scrape, scrape along his cheek. Still leaning back, Mario shaped smoke with his lips. Large and facilely drawn, they looked, more than anything, accessible—to a stream of smoke, of food, to another mouth, to any plum that might drop.

"You going to study over there?" Peter said to him.

"Paint." Mario shaped and let drift another corolla of smoke.

"No," Robert said, clicking on the record arm. "I'm afraid Africa's démodé." A harpsichord began to play, its dwarf notes hollow and perfect. Robert raised his voice a shade above the music. "Full of fashion photographers. And little come-lately writers." He sucked in his cheeks and made a face. "Trying out their passions under the beeg, bad sun."

"*Eheu*, poor Africa?" said Peter.

Robert laughed. Vince stared at him out of wizened eyes. Not drink, so much, after all, Peter decided, looking professionally at the mottled cherub face before he realized that he was comparing it with another face, but lately left. He looked away.

"Weren't you going over, Peter?" Robert leaned against the machine.

"Not this year." Carefully Peter kept out of his voice the knell the words made in his mind. In Greenwich, there were many gravelled walks, unshrubbed except for the nurses who dotted them, silent and attitudinized as trees. "Isn't that Landowska playing?"

"Hmm. Nice and cooling on a hot day. Or a fevered brow." Robert fiddled with the volume control. The music became louder, then lowered. "Vince wrote a poem about that once. About the Mozart, really, wasn't it, Vince? 'A lovely clock between ourselves and time.'" He enunciated daintily, pushing the words away from him with his tongue.

"Turn it off!" Vince stood up, his small fists clenched, hanging at his sides.

"No, let her finish." Robert turned deliberately and closed the lid of the machine, so that the faint hiss of the needle vanished from the frail, metronomic notes. He smiled. "What a time-obsessed crowd writers are. Now Mario doesn't have to bother with that dimension."

"Not unless I paint portraits," Mario said. His parted lips exposed his teeth, like some white, unexpected flint of intelligence.

"*Dolce far niente*," Robert said softly. He repeated the phrase dreamily, so that half-known Italian words—"*loggia*," the "Ponte Vecchio," the "Lungarno"—imprinted themselves one by one on Peter's mind, and he saw the two of them, Mario and Roberto now, already in the frayed-gold light of

Florence, in the umber dusk of half-imagined towns.

A word, muffled, came out of Vince's throat. He lunged for the record-player. Robert seized his wrist and held it down on the lid. They were locked that way, staring at each other, when the doorbell rang.

"That must be Susan," Robert said. He released Vince and looked down, watching the blood return to his fingers, flexing his palm.

With a second choked sound, Vince flung out his fist in an awkward attempt at a punch. It grazed Robert's cheek, clawing downward. A thin line of red appeared on Robert's cheek. Fist to mouth, Vince stood a moment; then he rushed from the room. They heard the nearer bedroom door slam and the lock click. The bell rang again, a short, hesitant burr.

Robert clapped his hand to his cheek, shrugged, and left the room.

Mario got up out of his chair for the first time. "Aren't you going to ask who Susan is?"

"Should I?" Peter leaned away from the face bent confidentially near, curly with glee.

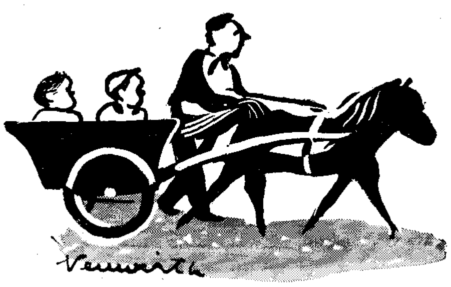
"His daughter," Mario whispered. "He said he was expecting his *daughter*. Can you imagine? *Robert!*"

Peter moved farther away from the mobile, pressing face and, standing at the window, studied gritty details of the courtyard. A vertical line of lighted windows, each with a glimpse of stair, marked the hallways on each of the five floors. Most of the other windows were dim and closed, or opened just a few inches above their white ledges, and the yard was quiet. People would be away or out in the sun, or in their brighter front rooms dressing for dinner, all of them avoiding this dark shaft that connected the backs of their lives. Or, here and there, was there someone sitting in the fading light, someone lying on a bed with his face pressed to a pillow? The window a few feet to the right, around the corner of the court, must be the window of the room into which Vince had gone. There was no light in it.

Robert returned, a Kleenex held against his cheek. With him was a pretty, ruffle-headed girl in a navy-blue dress with a red arrow at each shoulder. He switched on another lamp. For the next arrival, Peter thought, surely he will tug back a velvet curtain or break out with a heraldic flourish of drums, recorded by Red Seal. Or perhaps the musty wardrobe was opening at last and was this the skeleton—this girl who had just shaken hands with Mario, and now extended her hand toward Peter, tentatively, timidly, as if she did not habitually shake hands but today would observe every custom she could.

"How do you do?"

"How do you do?" Peter said. The hand he held for a moment was small and childish, the nails unpainted, but the rest of her was very correct for the eye of the beholder, like the young models one sees in magazines, sitting or standing against a column, always in three-quarter view, so that the picture, the ensemble, will not be marred by the human glance. Mario took from her a red dressing case that she held in her free hand, bent to pick up a pair of white gloves that she had dropped, and returned them with an avid interest which overbalanced, like a waiter's gallantry. She sat down, brushing at the gloves.



"The train was awfully dusty—and crowded." She smiled tightly at Robert, looked hastily and obliquely at each of the other two, and bent over the gloves, brushing earnestly, stopping as if someone had said something, and, when no one did, brushing again.

"Well, well, well," Robert said. His manners, always good, were never so to the point of clichés, which would be for him what nervous *gaffes* were for other people. He coughed, rubbed his cheek with the back of his hand, looked at the hand, and stuffed the Kleenex into the pocket of his shorts. "How was camp?"

Mario's eyebrows went up. The girl was twenty, surely, Peter thought.

"All right," she said. She gave Robert the stiff smile again and looked down into her lap. "I like helping children. They can use it." Her hands folded on top of the gloves, then inched under and hid beneath them.

"Susan's been counselling at a camp which broke up early because of a polio scare," Robert said as he sat down. "She's going to use Vince's room while I'm away, until college opens."

"Oh—" She looked up at Peter. "Then you aren't Vince?"

## CLEARNESS

There is a poignancy in all clear things,
In the stare of the deer, in the ring of a hammer in the morning.
Seeing a bucket of perfectly lucid water
We fall to imagining prodigious honesties.

And feel so when the snow for all its softness
Tumbles in adamant forms, turning and turning
Its perfect faces, littering on our sight
The heirs and types of timeless dynasties.

In pine-woods once that huge precision of leaves
Amazed my eyes and closed them down a dream.
I lost to mind the usual Southern river,
Mud, mist, the plushy sound of the oar,

And pondering north through lifted veils of gulls,
Through sharpening calls, and blue clearings of steam,
I came and anchored by a fabulous town
Immaculate, high, and never found before.

This was the town of my mind's exacted vision
Where truths fell from the bells like a jackpot of dimes,
And the people's voices, carrying over the water,
Sang in the ear as clear and sweet as birds.

But this was Thulë of the mind's worst vanity;
Nor could I tell the burden of those clear chimes;
And the fog fell, and the stainless voices faded;
I had not understood their lovely words.

—Richard Wilbur

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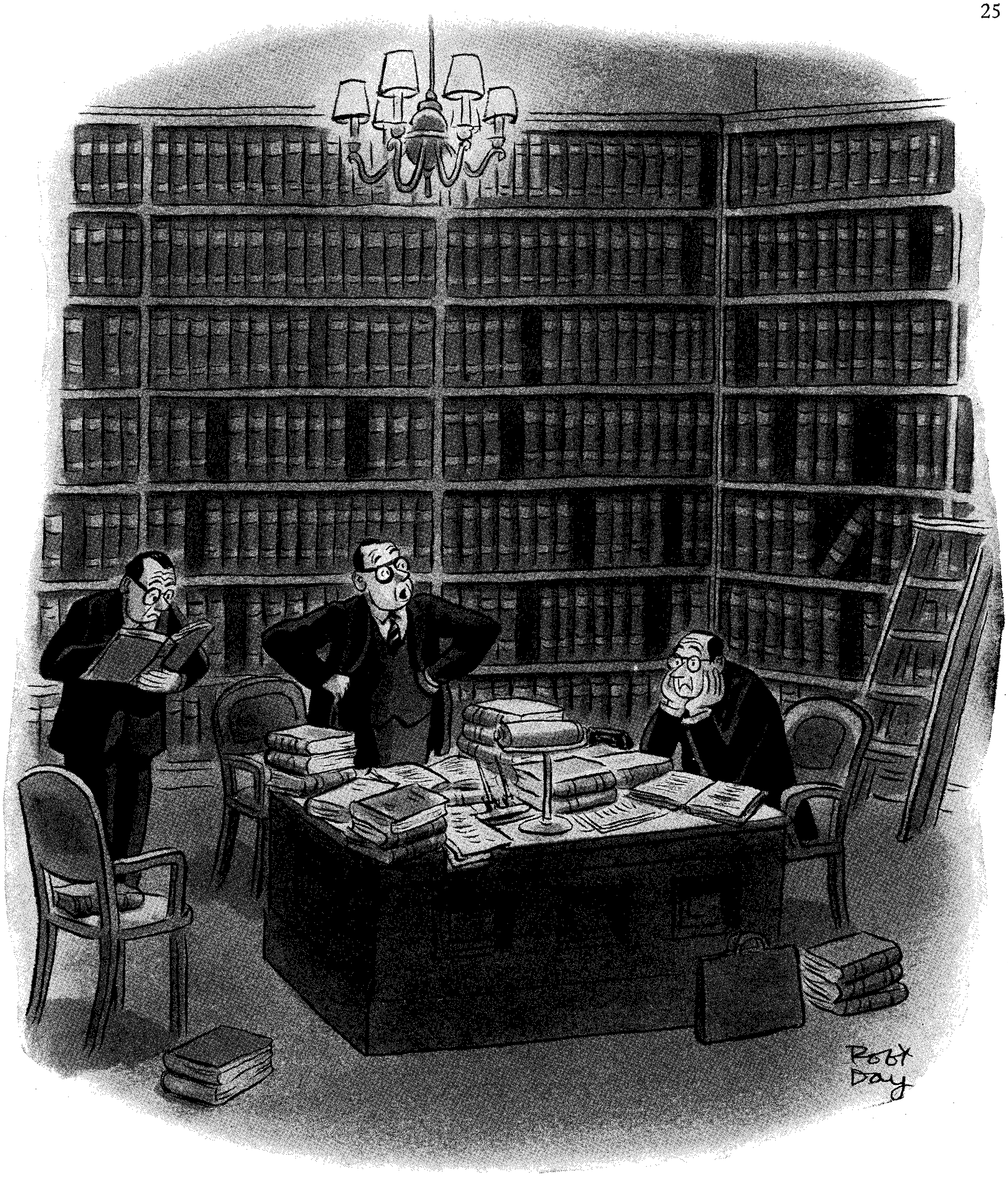

*"What burns me up is that the answer is right here somewhere, staring us in the face."*

• •

"No. I just dropped in. I'm Peter Birge."

She gave him a neat nod of acknowledgment. "I'm glad, because I certainly wouldn't want to inconvenience—"

"Did you get hold of your mother in Reno?" Robert asked quickly.

"Not yet. But she couldn't break up her residence term anyway. And Arthur must have closed up the house here. The phone was disconnected."

"Arthur's Susan's stepfather," Robert explained with a little laugh. "Number three, I think. Or is it *four*, Sue?"

Without moving, she seemed to retreat, so that again there was nothing left for the observer except the girl against the column, any one of a dozen with the short, anonymous nose, the capped hair, the foot arched in the trim shoe, and half an iris glossed with an expertly aimed photoflood. "Three," she said. Then one of the hidden hands stole out from under the gloves, and she

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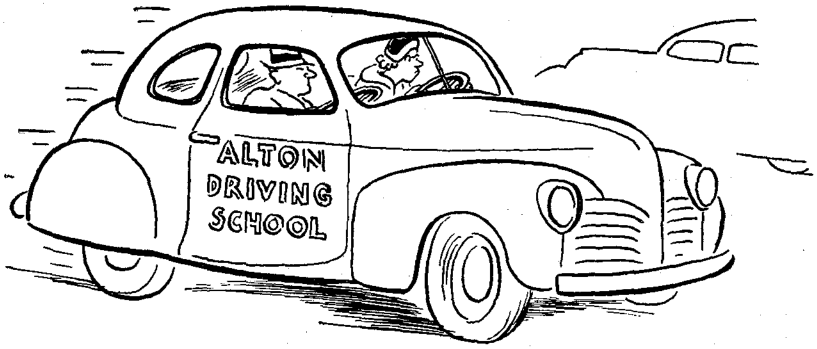

3.

ALTON DRIVING SCHOOL

began to munch evenly on a fingernail.

"Heavens, you haven't still got that *habit!*" Robert said.

"What a heavy papa you make, Roberto," Mario said.

She flushed, and put the hand back in her lap, tucking the fingers under. She looked from Peter to Mario and back again. "Then you're not Vince," she said. "I didn't think you were."

The darkness increased around the lamps. Behind Peter, the court had become brisk with lights, windows sliding up, and the sound of taps running.

"Guess Vince fell asleep. I'd better get him up and send him on his way." Robert shrugged, and rose.

"Oh, don't! I wouldn't want to be an inconvenience," the girl said, with a polite terror which suggested she might often have been one.

"On the contrary." Robert spread his palms, with a smile, and walked down the hall. They heard him knocking on a door, then his indistinct voice.

In the triangular silence, Mario stepped past Peter and slid the window up softly. He leaned out to listen, peering sidewise at the window to the right. As he was pulling himself back in, he looked down. His hands stiffened on the ledge. Very slowly he pulled himself all the way in and stood up. Behind him a tin ventilator clattered inward and fell to the floor. In the shadowy lamplight his too classic face was like marble which moved numbly. He swayed a little, as if with vertigo.

"I'd better get out of here!"

They heard his heavy breath as he dashed from the room. The slam of the outer door blended with Robert's battering, louder now, on the door down the hall.

"What's down there?" She was beside Peter, otherwise he could not have heard her. They took hands, like strangers met on a narrow footbridge or on one of those steep places where people cling together more for anchorage against their own impulse than for balance. Carefully they leaned out over the sill. Yes—it was down there, the shirt, zebra-striped, just decipherable on the merged shadow of the courtyard below.

Carefully, as if they were made of eggshell, as if by some guarded movement they could still rescue themselves from disaster, they drew back and straightened up. Robert, his face askew with the impossible question, was behind them.

AFTER this, there was the hubbub—the ambulance from St. Luke's, the prowl car, the two detectives from the precinct station house, and finally the "super," a vague man with the grub pallor and shamble of those who live in basements. He pawed over the keys on the thong around his wrist and, after several tries, opened the bedroom door. It was a quiet, unviolent room with a tossed bed and an open window, with a stagy significance acquired only momentarily in the minds of those who gathered in a group at its door.

MUCH later, after midnight, Peter and Susan sat in the bald glare of an all-night restaurant. With hysterical eagerness, Robert had gone on to the station house with the two detectives to register the salient facts, to help ferret out the relatives in Ohio, to arrange, in fact, anything that might still be arrangeable about Vince. Almost without noticing, he had acquiesced in Peter's proposal to look after Susan. Susan herself, after silently watching the gratuitous burbling of her father, as if it were a phenomenon she could neither believe nor leave, had followed Peter without comment. At his suggestion, they had stopped off at the restaurant on their way to her stepfather's house, for which she had a key.

"Thanks. I was starved." She leaned back and pushed at the short bang of hair on her forehead.

"Hadn't you eaten at all?"

"Just those pasty sandwiches they sell on the train. There wasn't any diner."

"Smoke?"

"I do, but I'm just too tired. I can get into a hotel all right, don't you think? If I can't get in at Arthur's?"

"I know the manager of a small one near us," Peter said. "But if you don't mind coming to my place, you can use my mother's room for tonight. Or for as long as you need, probably."

"What about your mother?"

"She's away. She'll be away for quite a while."

"Not in Reno, by any chance?" There was a roughness, almost a coarseness, in her tone, like that in the overdone camaraderie of the shy.

"No. My father died when I was eight. Why?"

"Oh, something in the way you spoke. And then you're so competent. Does she work?"

"No. My father left something. Does yours?"

She stood up and picked up her be-

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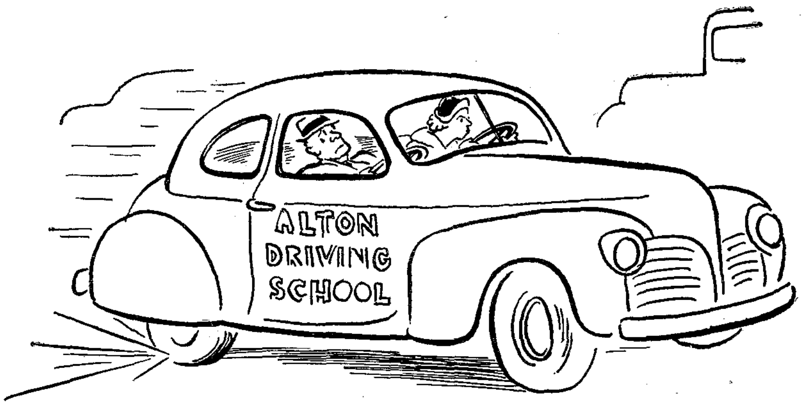

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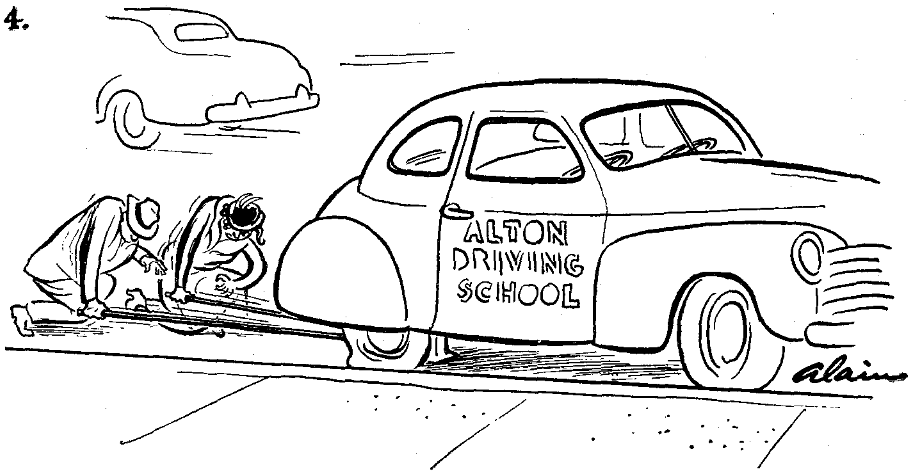

draggled gloves. "No," she said, and her voice was suddenly distant and delicate again. "She marries." She turned and walked out ahead of him.

He paid, rushed out of the restaurant, and caught up with her.

"Thought maybe you'd run out on me," he said.

She got in the car without answering.

They drove through the Park, toward the address in the East Seventies that she had given him. A weak smell of grass underlay the gas-blended air, but the Park seemed limp and worn, as if the strain of the day's effluvia had been too much for it. At the Seventy-second Street stop signal, the blank light of a street lamp invaded the car.

"Thought you might be feeling Mrs. Grundyish at my suggesting the apartment," Peter said.

"Mrs. Grundy wasn't around much when I grew up." The signal changed and they moved ahead.

They stopped in a street which had almost no lights along its smartly converted house fronts. This was one of the streets, still sequestered by money, whose houses came alive only under the accelerated, febrile glitter of winter and would dream through the gross summer days, their interiors deadened with muslin or stirred faintly with the subterranean clinkings of caretakers. No. 4 was dark.

"I would rather stay over at your place, if I have to," the girl said. Her voice was offhand and prim. "I hate hotels. We always stopped at them in between."

"Let's get out and see."

They stepped down into the areaway in front of the entrance, the car door banging hollowly behind them. She fumbled in her purse and took out a key, although it was already obvious that it would not be usable. In his childhood, he had often hung around in the areaways of old brownstones such as this had been. In the corners there had always been a soft, decaying smell, and the ironwork, bent and smeared, always hung loose and broken-toothed. The areaway of this house had been repaved with slippery flag; even in the humid night there was no smell. Black-tongued grillwork, with an oily shine and padlocked, secured the windows and the smooth door. Fastened on the grillwork in front of the door was the neat, square proclamation of a protection agency.

"You don't have a key for the padlocks, do you?"

"No." She stood on the curb, looking up at the house. "It was a nice room I had there. Nicest one I ever did have, really." She crossed to the car and got in.

He followed her over to the car and got in beside her. She had her head in her hands.

"Don't worry. We'll get in touch with somebody in the morning."

"I don't. I don't care about any of it, really." She sat up, her face averted. "My parents, or any of the people they tangle with." She wound the lever on the door slowly, then reversed it. "Robert, or my mother, or Arthur," she said, "although he was always pleasant enough. Even Vince—even if I'd known him."

"He was just a screwed-up kid. It could have been anybody's window."

"No." Suddenly she turned and faced him. "I should think it would be the best privilege there is, though. To care, I mean."

When he did not immediately reply, she gave him a little pat on the arm and sat back. "Excuse it, please. I guess I'm groggy." She turned around and put her head on the crook of her arm. Her words came faintly through it. "Wake me when we get there."

She was asleep by the time they reached his street. He parked the car as quietly as possible beneath his own windows. He himself had never felt more awake in his life. He could have sat there until morning with her sleep-secured beside him. He sat thinking of how different it would be at Rye, or anywhere, with her along, with someone along who was the same age. For they were the same age, whatever that was, whatever the age was of people like them. There was nothing he would be unable to tell her.

To the north, above the rooftops, the electric mauve of midtown blanked out any auguries in the sky, but he wasn't looking for anything like that. Tomorrow he would take her for a drive—whatever the weather. There were a lot of good roads around Greenwich.

—HORTENSE CALISHER

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Sweet Briar College will begin a new chapter this Fall, when Dr. Anne Gary Pannell takes over as its fifth president. She succeeds Dr. Martha Lucas, who will work in foreign countries to promote better world understanding. And Mrs. Pannell's two young sons will replace Dr. Lucas's Afghan hound on the college campus.—*Photograph caption in the Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News.*

Fair enough.

# DR. ARBUTHNOT'S ACADEMY

Dr. Magnus Arbuthnot's academy for the proof of puddings has attracted so much attention in educational circles that I paid it a visit recently, and I'm most happy to report that it is really a remarkable experiment in ultramodern, freewheeling cliché-testing.

The academy was a hive of odd activities the day I was there. Dr. Arbuthnot himself I found in his office grappling playfully with a comely young woman, who was laughing uproariously.

"Oh, please, Doctor!" she gasped. "Stop! Oh, ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho! Oh, do quit!"

"I beg your pardon," I said, hastily starting to withdraw.

"Hello, there! Come in, come in," said Dr. Arbuthnot cheerily. "I'm teaching Miss Filkins, here, how to tickle people pink. Now, do you get the idea, Miss Filkins? The right forefinger placed firmly between the second and third ribs, and then you apply the pressure. Shall we try once more?"

"I'm afraid I'll be late for court if we do," Miss Filkins said.

"Oh, your court. I forgot. Well, hurry along, and good luck to you."

Miss Filkins hurried along.

"Smart girl," said Dr. Arbuthnot. "An ex-Wac. Coming along famously with her tickling, but she wasn't getting quite the shade of pink I had in mind. She's really majoring in laughing people out of court. You should have seen her in Part Two, Special Sessions, last Thursday. She cleared the chamber, including three judges, in four minutes and twenty-six seconds. I clocked her myself. When she does it in four minutes flat, she'll get her sheepskin."

"I never knew people actually tickled other people pink," I said. "What else do you teach here?"

"It's hard to say," Dr. Arbuthnot said. "The curriculum changes weekly—sometimes daily. That's in order to avoid getting into a rut. My main idea is to fit young people for the actual business of living in these troubled times. I want them to have a healthy skepticism, to challenge everything. For instance, when you say that someone is 'as sober as a judge,' everybody accepts it as gospel that all judges are always sober. Now, that's sloppy thinking. I don't want my students to take the sobriety of the judiciary for granted. By the way, I'm glad to see you looking so well."

"I'm fit as a fiddle, Doctor, thanks."

"Are you really? We'll have our Professor Heifetz check that before you go."

"Gracious sakes, what is that roaring sound?" I asked.

"The elocution class testing the rooftop. They want to find out if rooftops are really the best spots to shout things from. But suppose we take a jaunt about the school and let you see for yourself what we're trying to do. Come along."

The Doctor escorted me into a room where a dozen eager-looking young people were seated in a semicircle in front of a lady with a pitch pipe.

"Music Department," the Doctor whispered. "Sh-h-h!"

"All right, now," said the instructress. "We'll try that last movement again. I thought I saw one or two lips move last time. Now, then, no pear-shaped tones, please." She sounded her A, and all twelve scholars started making a kind of low, eerie noise, between a moan and a buzz.

"Learning to impersonate bees?" I ventured.

"No, but you're warm," said Dr. Arbuthnot. "They're learning to keep things humming. Highly important in these bustling times."

"Now, in here," the Doctor said as we entered the next room, "is the gymnasium. Those young men charging at the masonry are learning the futility of butting their heads against a stone wall. We require the course of all freshmen. Those are pillows tied to their heads. Later on, when they get the hang of it, they won't use the pillows. Ah, good work there, Gumbielski!" He was addressing a well-built youth who was doing something very complicated on a trapeze. "He's exercising his prerogative," Dr. Arbuthnot explained. "Those other young fellows over there are practicing effort-bending. I think we have two or three sophomore effort-benders this year who will give Princeton rather a run for her money at the Intercollegiates. I imagine you can deduce what those boys are doing." He indicated four chaps shoving manfully against a wheel, and continued, "Nothing like putting the shoulder to the wheel for developing initiative, self-reliance, and the neck and shoulder muscles. Those boys fiddling with rocks are learning to leave no stone unturned. By the way, Merrypants"—Dr. Arbuthnot addressed the group's instructor—"please set aside a dozen large stones tomorrow, will you? I want to start the blood-extraction demonstration Monday."

An odd sight now caught my eye. Two massive lads were standing on a wrestling mat. Just as I glanced their way, one made a remark to the other. The second lad looked aghast, and the first then gave him the merest touch with something he held in his hand. At this, the second boy went down in a heap. An assistant manager rushed up with a pail of water and dashed it over the fallen athlete.

Dr. Arbuthnot took charge. "Give him air. Don't crowd around, boys. That was unnecessarily rough, Heffelduffer," said Dr. Arbuthnot, but he held Heffelduffer's arm aloft in token of victory. "You don't know your own strength. Heffelduffer is our feather champion," he said to me.

"You mean he knocked that big boy down with that feather?"

"It's a trick. You catch your opponent off guard, say something shocking to him, and then strike him with the feather while he is still astounded."

"A remarkable accomplishment, Doctor."

"A very useful one. I believe every boy should learn how to defend himself," Dr. Arbuthnot said as we passed on. "Now, in the steam room, here, the boys get their Russian massage after exercise."

"Russian massage? What's that?"

"Rubbing people the wrong way."

In the next chamber I noticed an earnest but perplexed-looking young man who seemed to be wrestling with an irascible but highly decorative animal of a saffron hue picked out with black spots. We paused for a moment to observe the match.

"I don't really know whether Brackett can change that leopard's spots," said Dr. Arbuthnot. "Sometimes I wonder. But he says it can be done, and he insists on trying, so who am I to discourage him? If success should crown his efforts, it will, of course, be quite a feather in the academy's cap."

We came now to a large, spotlessly clean kitchen.

"Home Economics Department," said the Doctor.

"My, what a delicious aroma," I said, sniffing.

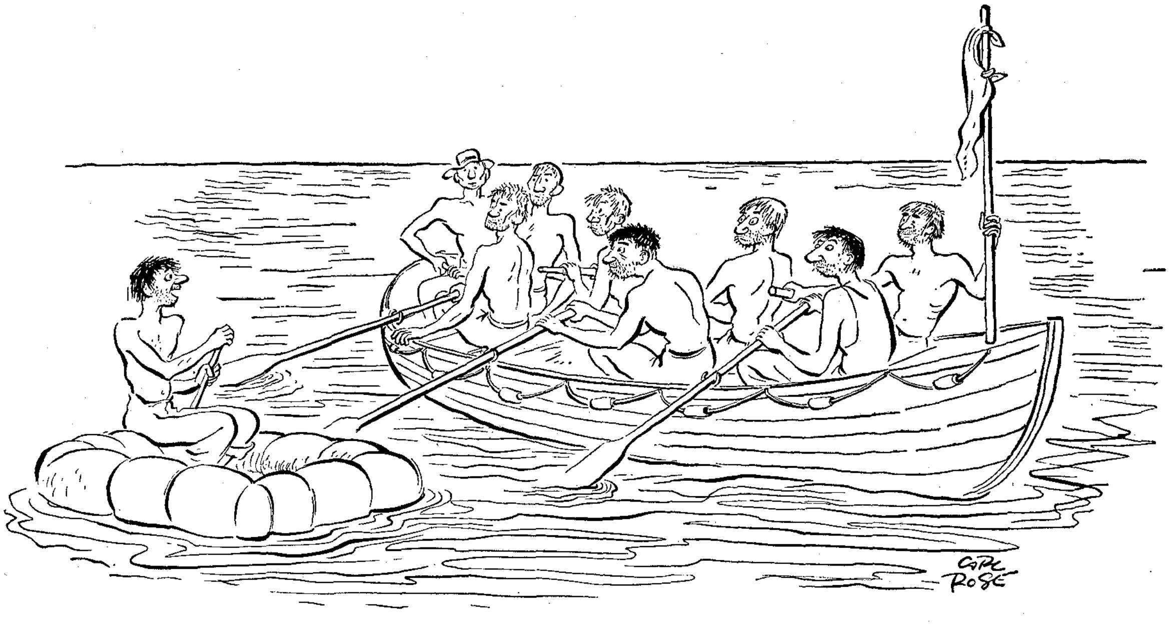
"Isn't it?" the Doctor agreed, smiling. "Always makes me hungry to come in here when the hash-settling seminar is on. Those young men sampling things over there are Republicans tasting defeat. The young woman sitting in the kettle on the stove may look uncomfortable—in fact, *is* uncomfortable—but what she is establishing may eventually be of considerable value to you and me and many others."

"What's she doing?"

"Stewing in her own juice." At this point, the Doctor lifted his nose and inhaled deeply. "Smell *that* aroma?" he said.

"Mmm! Good! What is it?"

"The hot-cakes class. Do hot cakes really sell so well? I have often wondered. I am relying on the energetic youngsters in our salesmanship course to find out."



*"You fellows mind a bit of company?"*

WE passed next into a chamber that, to put it mildly, lacked the agreeable aroma of the hash-settling seminar.

"Not so pleasant, is it?" Dr. Arbuthnot commented, noticing my wry expression. "But it's unavoidable. Those vats contain dishwater of varying strengths, for our dullness experiments. We have to use several grades. For instance, you could not test a radio quizmaster in anything but a vintage dishwater. What are you doing, young man?"

"None of your damn business," the young man retorted.

"Oh, it's you, Farquahar. I didn't recognize you. Good! I like your spirit. Don't take any nonsense from the faculty. One of the troubles with modern education is that faculties interfere too much in the education of students."

As we went on, the Doctor explained about Farquahar.

"We're rather proud of the job we've done on Farquahar," he said. "When he came to us, butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Well, a growing boy needs some fat in his diet. It was telling on him; he looked undernourished. We put him in an impudence seminar, gave him a course on short answers and another on what to call a spade, and so on. That was three months ago. Today, as you just saw, he is simply insufferable. Liquefies butter at twenty paces."

We now came to a room full of commotion. There was a great clatter of adding machines, which were being operated by alarming young men and women who made nasty faces at each other and exchanged surly remarks.

"Accounting Department," said the Doctor. "They're adding insult to injury. All of them are experienced aspersions-casters. Now, these pleasanter-looking boys and girls totting up figures, here, are different. They're our blessings-counters."

"You have a truly remarkable curriculum, Doctor."

"Oh, you're just seeing the lab work. I wish you could see some of our field work. Dr. Argetsinger's class, for instance, is out on the town this week exploring every avenue."

In contrast to the racket of the Accounting Department was the atmosphere of the next classroom, in which twoscore students dozed in an atmosphere of utter languor.

"One of our busiest research labs," said Dr. Arbuthnot. "That young man snoring on the sofa is hard at work on his thesis, called 'Some Observations on the Extent of Somnolence Among Logs.' "

"Those young ladies with the sad expressions don't look too busy, Doctor."

"But they are. They're the class in day-ruing, one of our most practical courses. Sooner or later, everyone has a day or days he would like to rue, but how few of us really know how to do it. Those girls looking like Whistler's mother, sitting with folded hands, are in the time-biding seminar. That girl over there is minding her 'M's and 'N's."

" 'M's and 'N's?"

"Yes, or 'J's and 'K's, or 'E's and 'F's, or 'Y's and 'Z's, if she likes. Why should 'P's and 'Q's get all the coddling?"

We left that room and came across a group of youths who seemed to be rushing about aimlessly.

"These boys are learning to brook no delay," said Dr. Arbuthnot.

"No, we're not," said one of the boys. "We're flouting tradition."

"You *are*? Why, who put that course into the curriculum?" asked the Doctor.

"We did."

"Well, good for you. I like your enterprise. And I want you to be sure and give yourselves good marks in the course." Dr. Arbuthnot turned to me. "You see how beautifully empiric our system is," he said. "I'm the president here, and even I do not know precisely what goes on. That's my idea of the right kind of college."

A gong rang and students poured from the classrooms. Dr. Arbuthnot said he had to leave me. "Hour for my plot-thickening class," he explained. "Haven't decided yet whether it belongs in the Home Economics or the Novel Construction Department. Well, see you in the funny paper."

"Oh, yeah?" I retorted, for I believe that in the field of repartee one should give as good as he gets, if possible.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

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### THE HUNGRY CRITICS
(ON AUSTERITY RATIONS)

[*W. A. Darlington in the Times*]

LONDON

"Mister Roberts" is going to have a success here or I'll eat my collar-stud.

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## A PURELY PERSONAL DECISION

NO country has so far walked out on the Russians at the United Nations, but on three occasions, as of a week ago, the originators of this exasperating tactic have found themselves walked out on by some individual member of a so-called satellite delegation. These acts of defiance, though undoubtedly irritating to the Soviet Union, are probably of no great concern to it. It isn't as though a nation whose delegation it controls, such as Czechoslovakia, had left the ranks, for a rebellious diplomat has no grain, no factories, no staff of nuclear physicists at his disposal, and he can be quickly replaced by a more reliable exponent of the Kremlin's foreign policy. It is he, not Stalin, who really feels the wrench. The apostate knows that it will be a long time before he sees his homeland again, if, indeed, he ever does; that he is sacrificing whatever property he has there; and that his relatives and friends there are destined to become no more than sentimental memories, since the mere exchange of letters with him might bring harm to them. For him, walking out is no clever maneuver but an intimate, irrevocable, and momentous decision.

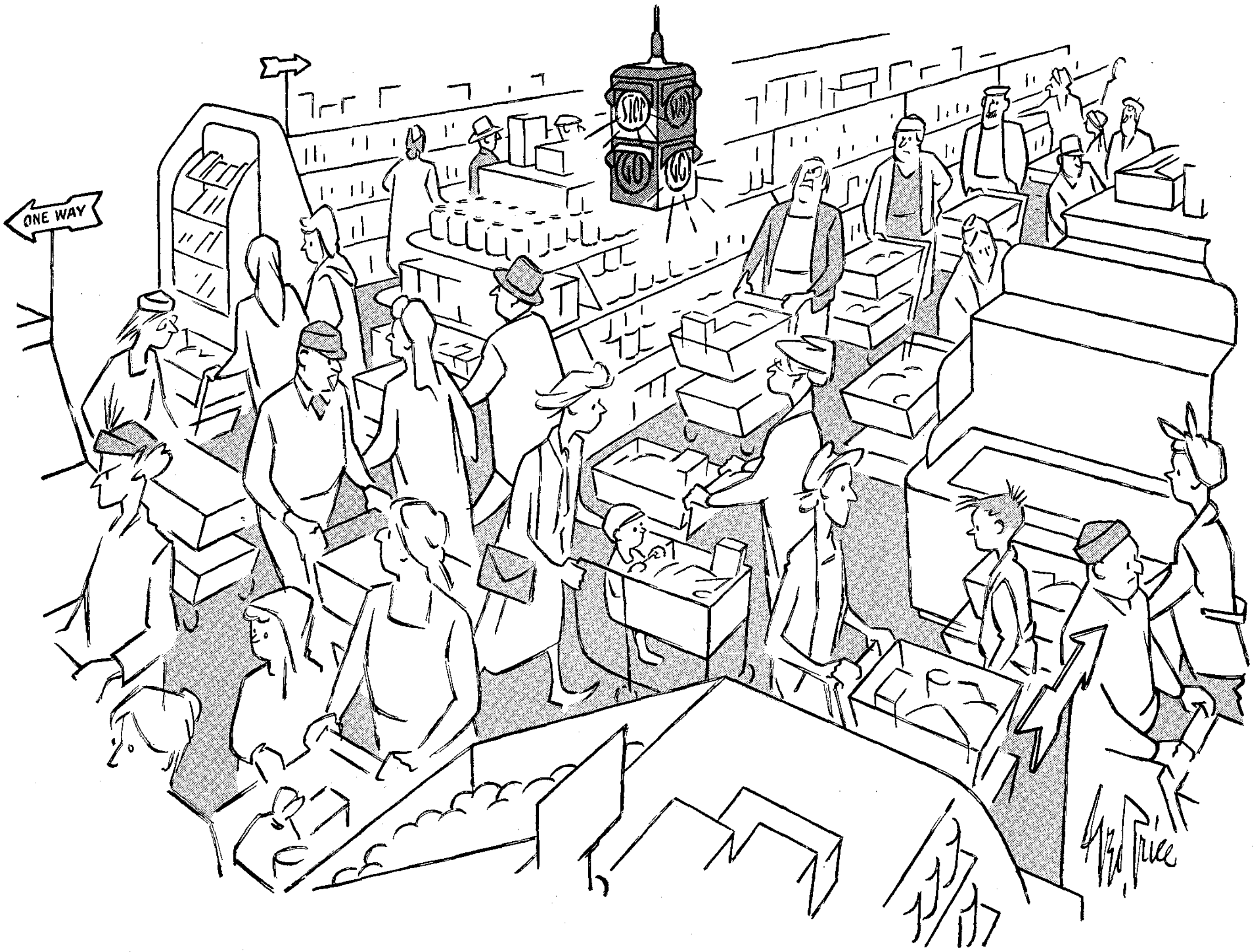
Not long ago, I tried to find out from a man who made such a decision last January what it was that had led him to it. The man was Dr. Aleksander W. Rudzinski, who at the time he quit his post at Lake Success was acting chief of the Polish delegation, of which he had been a member for four years. Hardly an hour before he chose to become a political exile, Dr. Rudzinski had, for the first and only time, participated in a pro-Soviet walkout, one that had been carefully planned backstage. "Degrading," Dr. Rudzinski has since said of that act. "But perhaps I was too thin-skinned for my job. A career man in our delegation once told me in a very friendly way that when I became a really experienced diplomat, I would drop my naïve habit of expecting solutions to international problems. 'Relax,' he advised me. 'Diplomacy is a game.' " Another thing that made Dr. Rudzinski possibly not the ideal man for his job was the fact that he has never been a member of the Communist Party, or, for that matter, of any political party. "The Communists tried to recruit me before I left Poland," he told me when I first met him, at the home of a mutual friend. "That was in 1945. And I replied, 'No, I am only a scholar.' Their pressure was not serious. The war had just ended, and while we Poles could see that Russia might become too much for us, our country was still quite free. Rival parties existed, and the Polish government's policy, as well as the Polish Communist Party's, was to foster good relations with both the East and West. Everyone wanted our wrecked country rehabilitated. Of course, I have my politics—an independent liberal. If I were an American, I would vote for men like Roosevelt and Willkie. And I think that the age-old concept of sovereignty is dangerous. As a long-range goal, a world government appeals to me, but if it were not properly restricted, a world government might become a world dictatorship."

Dr. Rudzinski, a scholarly-looking, nearsighted man of medium height, with a bushy black mustache, has been both a judge and a prosperous lawyer, but his background is primarily academic. At fifty, he holds three degrees, speaks several languages, and has written several books and papers on philosophy and law. He is one of his country's most noted jurists, and was a professor at Jagiellonian University, in Cracow, the second-oldest college in Europe. It was through his teaching position in Cracow that he became involved in world politics. Dr. Oscar Lange, Poland's first chief delegate to the United Nations, had been on the faculty at Cracow with Dr. Rudzinski before the war. When Dr. Lange was given his portfolio, he urged his colleague, who, by Polish standards, is an authority on Anglo-Saxon law, to enter government service as a legal adviser. Dr. Rudzinski pondered the matter for weeks. The war, during which he had been active in Poland's intellectual underground, had left him with a strong desire to return to the tranquil life of the university. "Finally, I accepted Lange's proposal," he told me. "I thought it was more important to do all I could to help start a system of international law that would prevent any more wars. I had the Pole's traditional distrust of Russia—that dates back centuries, to the time the Czars ruled us—but I also had the hope that all the things I'd seen during the war had not been meaningless. Something positive had to emerge from the screaming of the Jews in cattle cars on the way to Auschwitz, the silence of the Poles whose mouths were sealed with adhesive tape when they were publicly executed in our squares, the buildings that German shells toppled on us in the Warsaw uprising."

"By the way, what's happened to Lange?" I asked. "He's no longer in the limelight."

"My information is that he is well," Dr. Rudzinski replied. "He was recalled two years ago. Gromyko complained."

Early in the war, Dr. Rudzinski was offered an opportunity to escape from Poland via Rumania, but he declined it, preferring to stick around. He was one of many Polish teachers who, after the Germans destroyed the country's educational system, taught small groups, of maybe half a dozen pupils, who gathered furtively in apartments and farmhouses. The Professor's courses during those underground times dealt with such humanistic subjects as Latin, philosophy, and jurisprudence; his wife, who is a biologist, taught science. As the war progressed, he also worked on an underground weekly, a more subversive activity. Before Germany's defeat enabled him to resume his university chair in Cracow, he took part and was wounded in the Warsaw uprising of 1944, in which the Poles stood off superior Nazi forces for nine weeks. "Marshal Rokossovsky and the Red Army were just across the Vistula from us, but they refused to send air support," Dr. Rudzinski told me. "The sponsorship of the uprising was not considered sufficiently correct. Perhaps that fact alone should have blocked my appointment to the delegation. By the way," he added, smiling, "do you know what I did when I was an attorney? I was a corporation lawyer. But, as I have said, 1945 was a relatively carefree year in my country and its government. Now that I have told you these few facts



about myself, it occurs to me that I may well have been hopelessly miscast from the start, and that the mistake was certain to become apparent sooner or later."

Dr. Rudzinski and his wife, Anna Maria, who is now doing research in biology at New York University, live in an apartment in Peter Cooper Village. It was there that I next saw him, and we talked into the late hours of a summer night. Almost as soon as I rang the Rudzinskis' bell, the door's Judas eye slid aside and the reflection of the Professor's thick-lensed spectacles shone at me. There was a moment of scrutiny, and then the door was unchained and unlocked. I entered, and Dr. Rudzinski waved me affably toward the living room and an easy chair facing a divan on which Mme. Rudzinski, who is blond and also wears thick glasses, was seated. He sat down beside her, and it at once became clear that he was self-conscious about the business at the door. "The day the news of my resignation got out, the Police Department had a detective watching the apartment," he said. "When he left, he warned me to be careful."

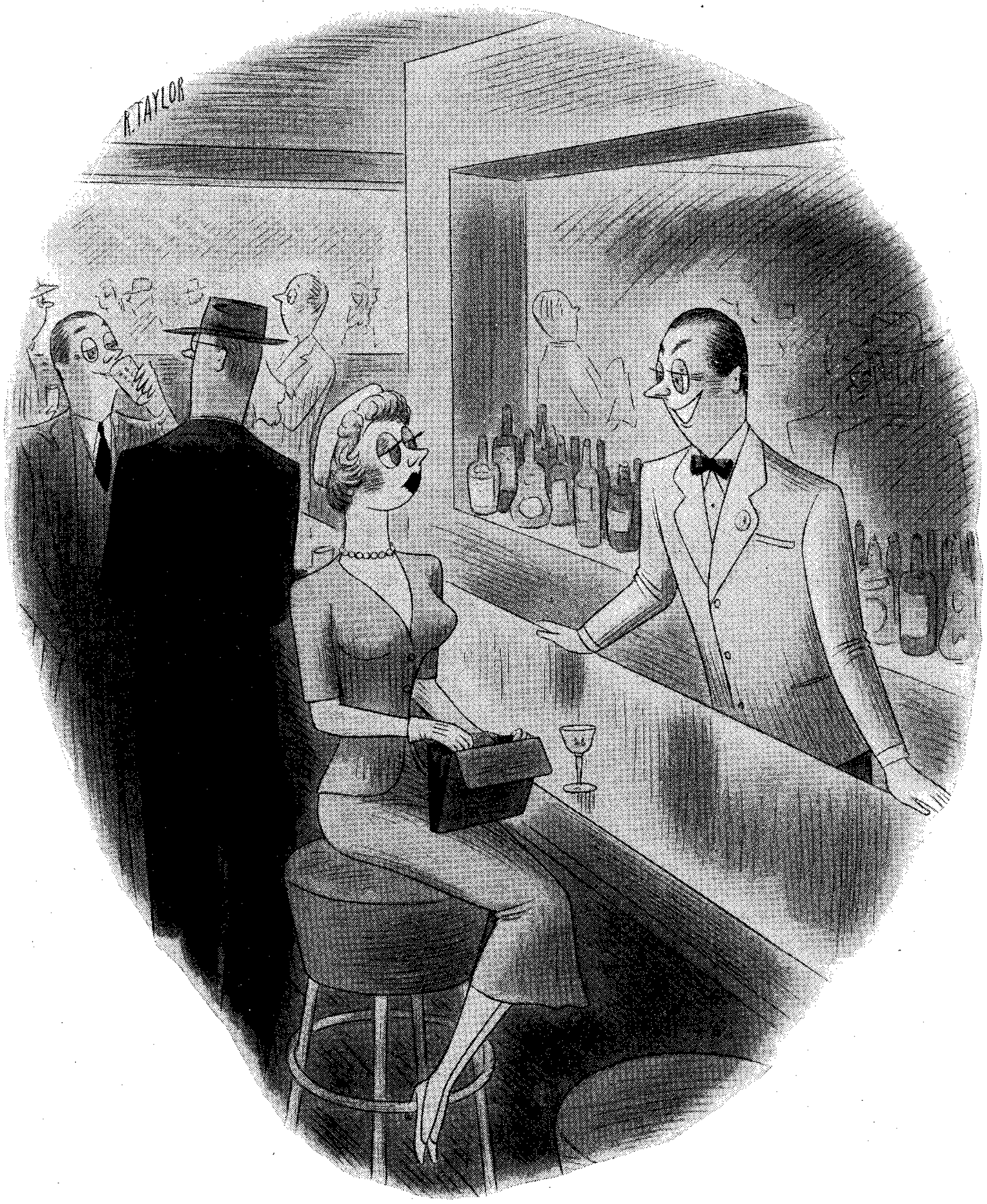
"Oh, *that!*" Mme. Rudzinski said. "I insist on it. Politics! Aleksander should have been a biologist, like me, so he'd only have to work with protozoa." She laughed, and went on, "I'm a fine one to say that. I was dying for him to accept Lange's offer. I wanted desperately to travel—anywhere."

Dr. Rudzinski, reviewing his four years of government service, said he had held two posts concurrently. One was head of the legal department of the Polish Consulate General in New York and the other, which took up most of his time and interest, was legal counsellor to the Polish delegation to the United Nations, a position just below that of chief delegate and one involving him in so much work that he required a staff of three assistants and two secretaries. His duties included taking part in strategy sessions his delegation held in the Polish Consulate, on East Sixty-seventh Street. During Security Council debates, he often sat at Lange's shoulder, whispering advice; sometimes he wrote the speeches that his chief delivered at meetings of the Council. He held press conferences, at which he interpreted the Polish attitude on controversial issues. He occasionally sat in at sessions of the General Assembly. He drafted proposals on delicate issues like the Palestine question. He represented Poland on committees that were wrestling with such matters as an international police force, the codification of international law, and the crime of genocide, occasionally serving as chairman, in which capacity he had the responsibility for breaking up free-for-alls. ("There was one meeting," he recalled, "at which even the Chinese delegate began to use offensive language.") He attended dinners whose sole purpose was to spread good will among delegates who were at loggerheads. "Psychology," Dr. Rudzinski said. "Politics were taboo at those dinners. We talked about the quaint customs of our respective countries."

The Professor's day was a long one. He usually went to the Consulate at nine in the morning for a concentrated hour of reading the mail, dictating letters, and going over the latest instructions from the Foreign Office in Warsaw. At ten, the delegation's limousine took him and a few of his high-echelon colleagues out to Lake Success, where his schedule was crowded with committee meetings, brief caucuses between them, and confabs with delegates of other countries. He rarely had time to eat lunch at the United Nations delegates' restaurant. If his day at the United Nations unexpectedly ended early, he motored back to East Sixty-seventh Street and tackled the chores of a consular lawyer. He seldom got home before eight, and then pored over documents for the remainder of the evening. "The sandwiches!" Mme. Rudzinski said. "I made him four every day, which he would eat whenever he had a chance. Aleksander grows hungry suddenly. He has a quick metabolism. He is so intense." "I'd eat them in the limousine, thinking," Dr. Rudzinski said.

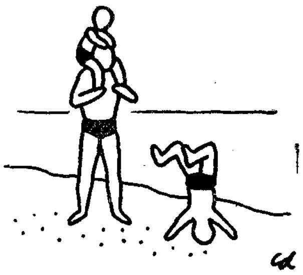
His first year with the United Nations, Dr. Rudzinski continued, was quite satisfying. The Polish government held to its policy of being friendly with all powers, and the Professor was able to act with a reasonable amount of freedom. On numerous occasions, he said, he uninhibitedly opposed Russian moves. Once, at a meeting of a committee charting the procedures to be observed by the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, he spoke out against a motion by the Soviet delegate that he felt would hamstring efforts to effectuate international control of nuclear products. When, the next day, a colleague at the Consulate asked him why he had opposed the Russian delegate, the Professor blandly replied, "Our points of view were contradictory," and thought no more about it. In the spring of 1946, as chairman of another committee, the Committee of Experts, Dr. Rudzinski twice successfully countered Russian maneuvers. This committee was responsible for drawing up the rules by which the Security Council was to conduct its affairs. Dr. Rudzinski said that one of his victories had to do with an issue of considerable significance, and he described it to me in some detail. The Russian delegate, Boris Stein, an elderly, experienced diplomat, was plumping hard for a rule that would allow members of the Security Council extremely wide veto powers. It was Dr. Rudzinski's view that the San Francisco Charter placed definite restrictions on the use of the veto. It was plain to him that Stein was trying to get around the Charter, and he countered by quoting the Charter's provisions in regard to the veto privilege. "Under Stein's scheme," he told me, "the Soviet Union would have had the final say on anything and at the same time would have appeared to the world to be playing the role of a circumspect member of the United Nations. If his proposal had passed, the Russians perhaps would never have had to expose their hand by resorting to so transparent a device as the walkout. Stein, you see, was really asking for a legalized walkout." The Professor, whose position was eventually upheld by the committee, informed his chief about the stand he had taken against Stein. "Lange's general outlook," Dr. Rudzinski said to me, "was far more sympathetic to the Soviets than mine, but at that time he could afford to be independent to the point of preserving his differences with the Communists. He supported me. Yes," the Professor went on, after a pause, "those were the days when our delegation deeply resented it if anyone called Poland a satellite."

EARLY in 1947, Dr. Rudzinski had a disturbing experience. Once again he found himself at a meeting of the Committee of Experts opposed to a Russian delegate, this time one named Alexei Krasilnikov, who was also advancing the cause of the unhampered veto. Dr. Rudzinski's argument with him was about how the Big Five powers, constituting the membership of the United Nations Military Staff Committee, which is charged with the regulation of armaments and the use of a projected international military force, should go about inviting other members of the United Nations to help out



"It's been taken care of—by me."

in times of emergency. Krasilnikov held that a non-Big Five power might be invited only by unanimous vote. In Dr. Rudzinski's opinion, the Charter stated that a simple majority was enough, and he told the Committee so. The argument was left unresolved and the next morning Dr. Rudzinski was approached at his Consulate by Juliusz Katz-Suchy, a member of the Polish delegation and a veteran Communist. "What did you do to Krasilnikov yesterday?" Katz-Suchy asked. "Gromyko has complained." Dr. Rudzinski gave me a significant look. "My colleague's voice expressed many things that he did not put into words," he said. "He was tipping me off; he was whispering bad news; he was awed by my unimaginable boldness; he was telling me, above all, that I had sinned. I became angry."



The Professor turned and walked out to the street, hailed a taxi, and told the driver to take him to the Russian delegation's headquarters, which were then in a seedy, factory-like building at Eighty-eighth Street and Columbus Avenue. When he got there, he told the man at the reception desk that he wanted to see Gromyko. The receptionist disappeared and returned with a man whom he introduced as Gromyko's secretary. They asked for the Professor's identification papers. "The receptionist was an M.V.D. man," Dr. Rudzinski said. "The secretary was Gromyko's bodyguard."

After Dr. Rudzinski's papers had been thoroughly checked, he was ushered into a large, bare-looking office, dominated by an enormous photograph of Stalin, under which Gromyko was seated at a desk. The two men began their talk with some linguistic fencing, Gromyko speaking in Russian and Dr. Rudzinski in Polish. Finally, they compromised on English. The Professor explained his mission. Gromyko immediately sent for Krasilnikov, but it developed that he was out of town, so the Professor undertook to present an objective outline of both sides of the argument. Then he pleaded his side of the case, pointing out to Gromyko that the intent of the Charter was that there should be no power of veto in such a matter as calling upon nations to assist the Military Staff Committee. Gromyko stared at him impassively. Dr. Rudzinski, recalling that Gromyko was no jurist, decided to put the issue in simpler terms. "The Soviet Union's position is working against the interests of the small countries," he said.

"It is in the interests of the Soviet Union to maintain the principle of unanimity," Gromyko replied stolidly.

"But your position can also work both ways," the Professor argued. "Some Western power may veto the help that a small country like Poland might offer to this committee or any other committee."

"Do not worry," Gromyko said easily. "Trust yourselves to us. We will take care of you. The Soviet Union has influence." He smiled. The interview was over.

"Young, tough, unpuzzled by the nature of the universe," Dr. Rudzinski said to me, recalling the impression Gromyko had made on him. "I had gone to see him because I wanted to clear the air. Instead, when I left him, questions were buzzing in my mind. What had he thought of my coming to see him? His manner had been courteous enough, but had bad feeling been aroused? Why had I let myself in for this unpleasant talk? Would Krasilnikov have cared if I had complained about him to Lange? My visit to Gromyko made me aware of a suspicion that had been growing in me for some time—a suspicion that Poland was coming under Russian domination. It was still vague and unspoken, but it was there. Anyway," the Professor added sardonically, "my impulsiveness had enabled me to see Gromyko without an appointment. That was unheard of."

For the next few days, Dr. Rudzinski was troubled by his interview with Gromyko. Then a curious, seemingly unimportant development brought him a certain calm. It began at a meeting of a committee that was making plans for an International Law Commission to codify the laws of all United Nations countries. The question of whether the Economic and Social Council would have the right to make recommendations to the Commission arose. The Russian delegate, Vladimir Koretsky, said no—only the General Assembly could. Dr. Rudzinski, along with Dr. Philip Jessup, the American representative on the committee, said that both bodies could. Again the Charter supported Dr. Rudzinski, but he expected that, as before, the Russian delegate would refuse to change his position. A week later, however, to the Professor's astonishment, Koretsky conceded that he had been wrong. "The issue under debate was hardly world-shaking," Dr. Rudzinski told me, "but I was deeply impressed by Koretsky's turnabout. It gave me a new patience in dealing with the Russians' discouraging tactics. I was determined that this patience would last as long as the Soviet Union played neither of its two trump cards. One of these would be to take Pomerania and Silesia from Poland and return them to Germany, a threat the Polish Communist Party, which now had gained an upper hand at home, was using to keep down opposition. The other would be the elimination of the Polish Army as an independent force, either by placing it under a Russian commander or, what was less likely, by having the Red Army invade. Then, too, there was always the chance that I might be recalled, which would make further patience on my part quite unimportant. I think, by the way, that had I been recalled at that time, I would have gone back. The country was then still free enough for me to bury myself in academic research of some kind."

EARLY in June of 1947, Dr. Rudzinski, acting on Foreign Office instructions, rose at a meeting of the Economic and Employment Commission and announced Poland's willingness to consider going along with the Marshall Plan, which the American State Department had just broached to the world. Later that month, a conference on the Marshall Plan, which representatives of England, France, and Russia were scheduled to attend, convened in Paris. Molotov showed up for it but quit it abruptly in less than a week. A little later, Moscow, having diagnosed the Plan as an American device for luring away its satellites, was calling it a manifestation of "imperialist expansionism." Warsaw officially concurred. In September, the Polish Foreign Minister, Zygmunt Modzelewski, arrived in America to head the Polish delegation at that autumn's General Assembly session at Flushing Meadow. The night before the session started, he called a conference of his delegation in his suite at the Ambassador Hotel. He touched briefly on the Marshall Plan and then got to the point. "The international situation has altered," he informed his subordinates. "The Polish delegation is no longer to propose compromises or seek conciliation. Our role has changed."

"He did not mention Russia by name," Dr. Rudzinski said to me, "but he knew he was not speaking to children. From that time on, the members of our delegation were not so sensitive when they heard Poland referred to as a satellite."

While the General Assembly session was still in progress, Dr. Rudzinski was sent to a Unesco conference in Mexico City. "A most pleasant two months," he said. "I spent my time in the company of scholars, philosophers, and scientists. Only one controversial topic came up, and I avoided it by going late to the meeting at which it was to be discussed. I didn't want to spoil the convention's university flavor for myself." Upon returning to New York, in December, Dr. Rudzinski found that Lange had been recalled. Lange's replacement was Katz-Suchy. The Professor soon discovered that he was a far more stringent taskmaster than Lange. The new chief delegate's attitude was evidenced shortly before a committee concerned with genocide began a series of sessions Dr. Rudzinski was to attend. The Professor was hoping that the committee would concentrate solely on physical genocide and not become entangled with the issue of cultural genocide. "I wanted to make sure that Nazi-type massacres were outlawed," he told me. "Of course, I am opposed to the destruction of books and languages, but there are certain aspects of the concept of cultural genocide that are political rather than criminal. I knew that taking up cultural genocide would definitely be anathema to Latin-American countries, where, despite the preponderance of Indians, Spanish is the language used in schools. For that matter, even the United States is technically guilty of cultural genocide. Your public schools are legally required to teach in English, which means that an Italian immigrant, for example, can't expect his children to be taught arithmetic in the Italian language. Physical genocide, on the other hand, is indisputably criminal." Dr. Rudzinski presented this approach to the subject to Katz-Suchy, who approved it heartily. The next day, however, he asked Dr. Rudzinski to visit the Russian headquarters, which had been moved to the former Percy Pyne mansion, at 680 Park Avenue, and discuss the matter with Platon Morosov, the Soviet delegate to the committee. "I don't know why," Dr. Rudzinski said, "but it struck me that the Soviet Union might be opposed to outlawing physical genocide. This may sound incredible, but it is also logical. Russia, before and since the war, has deported whole peoples to Siberian labor camps, where thousands of them have been worked to death—Tartars from the Crimea, Ukrainians, and others whose allegiance has been suspect."

At the Russian headquarters, the Professor soon reached the conclusion that his hunch was correct. Morosov, however, had figured out a clever way of obscuring his position. He was planning to take the stand that he would vote for the outlawing of physical genocide only if cultural genocide was also outlawed. He wanted Dr. Rudzinski to adopt the same stand. "You know as well as I do," Dr. Rudzinski remonstrated, "that your attitude is going to wreck the committee."

"It doesn't matter," Morosov replied. "At least the Soviet Union will appear before the world as the supporter of progressive ideals."

"Isn't that rather cynical?" Dr. Rudzinski asked.

"If you don't do as I ask, I will speak to your superior," Morosov retorted.

"But my superior agrees with me in this matter," Dr. Rudzinski said. Morosov smiled vaguely.

When the Professor returned to the Polish Consulate, Katz-Suchy acted as if he knew what Rudzinski was going to report but heard him through. Then Katz-Suchy said, "We must yield. If we don't, Morosov will vote against the entire genocide pact. We wouldn't want that to happen, would we?"

Ultimately, the committee approved a pact outlawing only physical genocide, with Morosov abstaining, and subsequently, in the General Assembly, Russia tried to the very end, though unsuccessfully, to attach a cultural rider to the measure.

In June, 1948, a momentous event took place far from Lake Success: Tito broke with the Cominform. "Tito's defection upset Russia's strategy in dealing with the Marshall Plan," Dr. Rudzinski told me. "A satellite getting no American help had chosen to leave the Soviet bloc. That was bound to make the Kremlin nervous. I expected a storm to break at any moment." Actually, the summer passed quietly enough. It was even dull. The Professor had time to attend several diplomatic cocktail parties, a few of them given by the Russians. At Soviet functions, he recalls, he felt too sorry for his hosts to enjoy himself. "They could have had so much more fun by themselves," he said. "Those parties meant nothing but work for them. They were a form of political demonstration. Their lavishness exceeded that of other delegations—the expensive hotel penthouses, the big arrays of delicacies, the unnecessary number of waiters. There was also much rank-consciousness. A Soviet diplomat is charming to a guest until he learns his rank. Then, if he is outranked, he becomes more charming. If he outranks you, you are soon drinking alone. With each other, the Russians are always congenial. I assume that they don't all like each other, but I have never heard a Soviet delegate make a derogatory remark about a colleague. They give an impression of unanimous happiness. Their parties for outsiders reflect the same deliberateness they show in diplomatic negotiations. The Russians have to be that way. They cannot act on the pettiest matters without instructions from Moscow. But this deliberateness springs from a discipline that free powers often misconstrue as unlimited strength. Forgive me, but your country has a tendency to make this error. It is a mistake to underestimate Russia, but overestimation also plays into her hand. It foments fear and perhaps panic."

In December, the Russians having failed to bring Tito around, the storm that Dr. Rudzinski had been expecting broke. The Soviet Union had resolved that there would be no further defections. That month, Poland became a one-party state. Wholesale arrests of "Titoists" were made there. A "proletarianization" of the middle class was begun and during the ensuing months steadily gained momentum; shopkeepers, for instance, were subjected to confiscatory taxes calculated to convert them into factory workers. Farms were collectivized. The Church was harried in many ways; at one time, word got around that the Holy Virgin was shedding tears in the Lublin cathedral, and the state accused the clergy of sabotaging the harvesting of crops by luring the peasants away from their fields to witness the miracle. Poland's Constitution Day, which for over a century had been celebrated on May 3rd, was supplanted by May Day. Stalin's birthday was observed by the government with a demand that workers and farmers step up their output for the day as a gift to him. The next morning, they learned that their birthday present had been established as their future required daily output. Writers were ordered to write along lines of "social realism." "What is that?" Dr. Rudzinski asked me with a shrug. Jokes of plainly underground origin began to circulate. One of them

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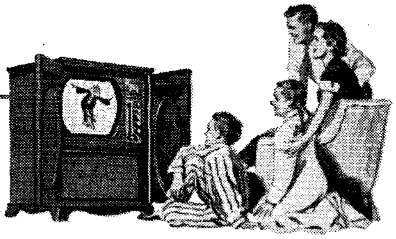

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had General Wladyslaw Anders, the commander of the Polish forces in Italy during the last war, returning victorious after the next war to Warsaw's main square to receive the plaudits of a great crowd. The General starts his victory speech but doesn't get very far, because his listeners shout, in Russian, "*My nye ponimayem po polski!*" ("We don't understand Polish!")

Eager for details of the change that had come over his country, Dr. Rudzinski studied newly arrived Polish newspapers at the Consulate and discovered that the press itself had undergone a change. "You know," he said, "they were publishing translations of *Pravda* and *Izvestia* articles complete with Russian colloquialisms." He was startled to find learned journals carrying pro-Soviet articles by friends of his whom he knew to be liberals. The mystery was explained by some former associates, who wrote him (outgoing mail had not then become subject to spot-check censorship, as it has since) what was happening at the university to which he still hoped to return someday. Faculty members faced discharge unless they gave their courses a Communist slant. Economics instructors were being sent to Moscow to learn how to teach Marxian principles. Philosophy, one of Dr. Rudzinski's favorite subjects, had been all but ruled out of the university curriculum; only a primer class in logic remained. An old Cracow colleague wrote Dr. Rudzinski that at the conclusion of a lecture a naïve student had proudly informed him that he had been appointed by a Communist youth organization to report any deviations from the Party line that his instructors might be guilty of.

In New York, only satellite delegates were now being invited to Russian parties. The Poles who came over to America on diplomatic missions were of a different breed—rabid Communists all. Talking with one of them about a newly enacted Polish state-secrets act, a measure Dr. Rudzinski considers so loosely written that anyone in Poland can be arrested for saying practically anything, the Professor was dismayed at hearing the fellow exclaim, "An excellent edict! It will teach people not to talk too much. Caution is a human virtue." Stories reached Dr. Rudzinski about Polish diplomats who had been recalled, one of them for having differed with a Soviet representative over some technical matter at a meteorological conference in Geneva. Sometimes, if it was felt that a diplomat might refuse to obey a flat order to return home, ruses were employed to entice him there. In the summer of 1949, Jan Galewicz, the Polish Consul General in New York, urged Dr. Rudzinski to spend his vacation in Poland. The government, Galewicz said, was willing to pay half his expenses. "There was something peculiar in the way he went about it," Dr. Rudzinski told me. "His manner was too evasive. I asked him if half my wife's expenses would also be paid. He said he had no instructions about that, so I had my excuse." The Professor shook his head sadly. "Yes," he said, "those of us who had worked hard to reconstruct our ruined walls in Poland could now chalk '*kaputt*' on them as far as we were concerned."

Dr. Rudzinski debated with himself whether to quit. He decided against it. "The Russians had still not played either of their trump cards," he said. "And I had not been recalled. Or maybe I had. Until I was sure, I wanted to remain with the U.N. Short of violence, the U.N. was the only means by which the situation at home might be relieved. Besides, I had good friends out at Lake Success—Brazilians, Indians, Canadians. Our friendship transcended politics. Seeing them each day was a help to me. I clung to my work as a routine that would see me through those times of uncertainty." In an attempt to protect himself against further disappointments, the Professor began to avoid controversial meetings at the United Nations. What committee sessions he did attend acquired a strange fascination for him. "I approached them as I would a roulette wheel," he said. " 'Perhaps,' I would say to myself, 'this is the meeting at which our luck will turn. Perhaps everything will at last resolve itself and the U.N. will begin to function as it should.' A useful little pastime. It distracted me from my worries, and sometimes it even gave me a vague optimism." He further distracted himself by putting in more time as his Consulate's lawyer, a job that involved such therapeutic chores as pleading the case of some Polish sailors who had got drunk and tossed chairs about in a waterfront bar.

Last November, Dr. Rudzinski's uncertainty came to an end when the Russians played one of their trumps. They

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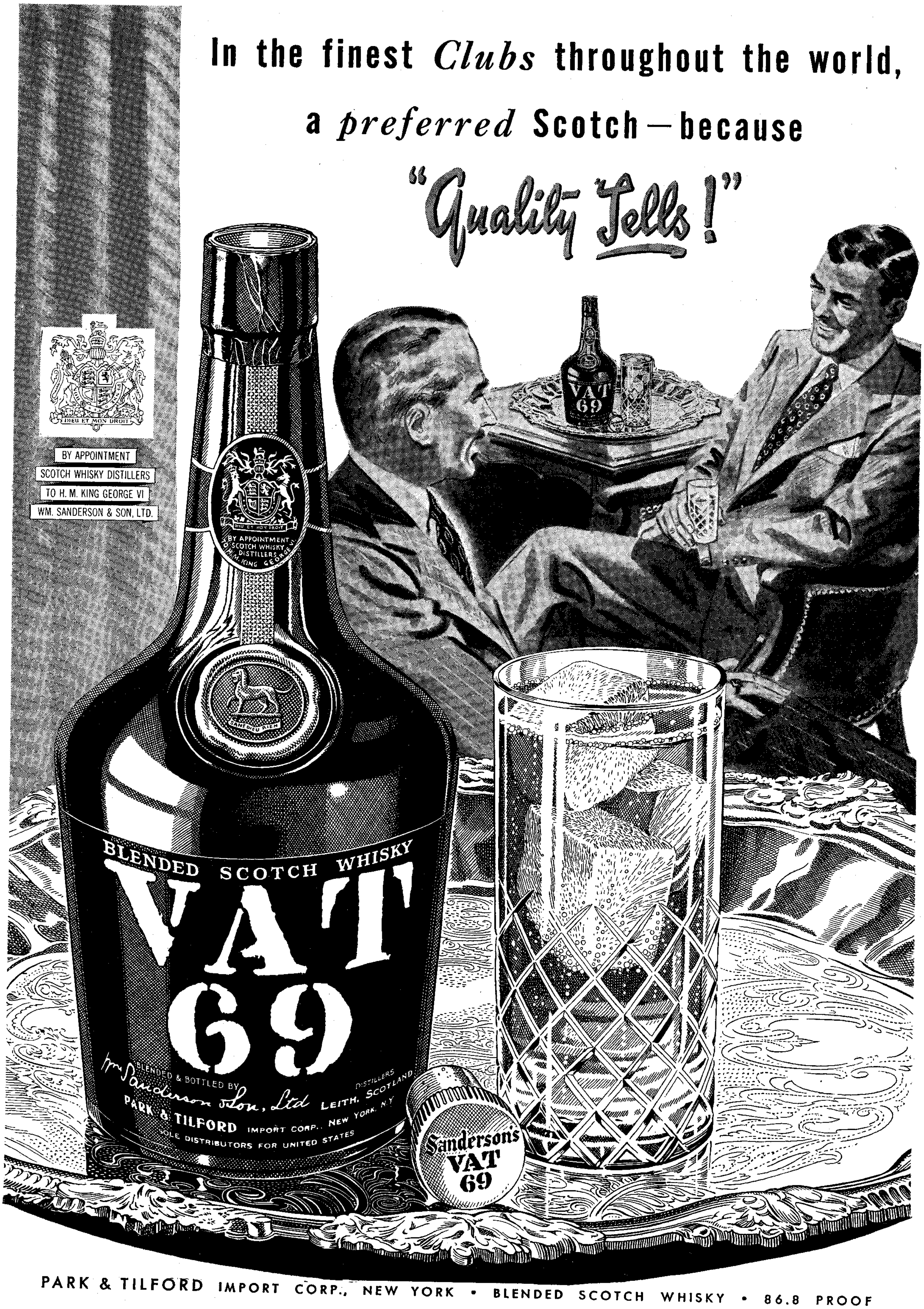

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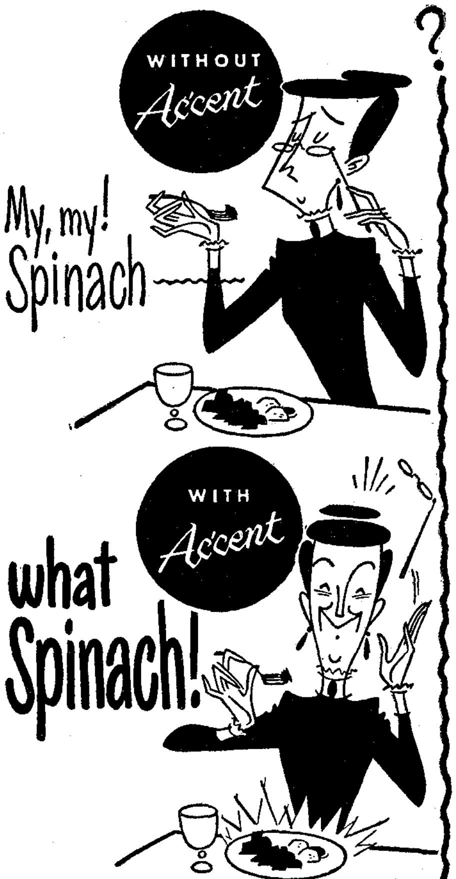

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put the Polish Army under the command of Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky, the Soviet officer who had denied help to the Warsaw insurrectionists. "Then I knew that the time for me to leave was near," Dr. Rudzinski said. "Only the details remained."

SHORTLY after the New Year, the time came. Dr. Rudzinski arrived at the Polish Consulate at nine o'clock on Monday morning to find Consul General Galewicz handing out orders from the Foreign Office, in Warsaw. Katz-Suchy was visiting in Poland at the time, which made Dr. Rudzinski the titular head of the delegation. Dr. Rudzinski hadn't quite got his coat off when Galewicz appeared in his office with extraordinary instructions from home. That morning at Lake Success, the Consul General said, the Polish delegates were to stage a walkout—their first. The Czechs were to do the same. Poland, Galewicz continued, was to be represented at two concurrent meetings. One was of the Subcommission on the Prevention of Discrimination and Protection of Minorities; Jozef Winiewicz, the Polish Ambassador to the United States, would attend that. The other meeting was of the Special Committee on Statelessness; Dr. Rudzinski had been assigned to it some time before. At these meetings, Galewicz said, the Polish emissaries were to wait until their Russian opposite numbers did what the Russian delegate attending the Security Council meetings had already done on a number of previous occasions—rise, protest the presence of Nationalist Chinese delegates in the room, deplore the absence of Communist Chinese delegates, and walk out. Winiewicz and Dr. Rudzinski were then to follow suit. "Since you will be driving out with Winiewicz, you might as well return together," the Consul General concluded casually. "Whoever is through first will wait for the other in the delegates' lounge."

"Somebody else could do this job better than I," Dr. Rudzinski told Galewicz.

"Don't be foolish," the Consul General replied. "Make a good, strong speech—from the legal angle, if you prefer. Photographers and reporters will be there. Your picture will be printed, your name will be on the radio."

Dr. Rudzinski looked at me earnestly. "I could no longer delude myself," he said. "I was being instructed to swear allegiance to the Soviet Union. I knew it was the end, yet I seemed to be grasping for some stay of sentence. Instead of quitting then and there, I intellectualized. If I resign now, I reasoned, it will look as though I am endorsing Chiang. Why should I? I consider his regime corrupt. But the tactic of walking out is something else again, for that sabotages the U.N., which is incomparably more important than Chiang. Here, I knew, was an issue I would have to act on. But I put it off until later."

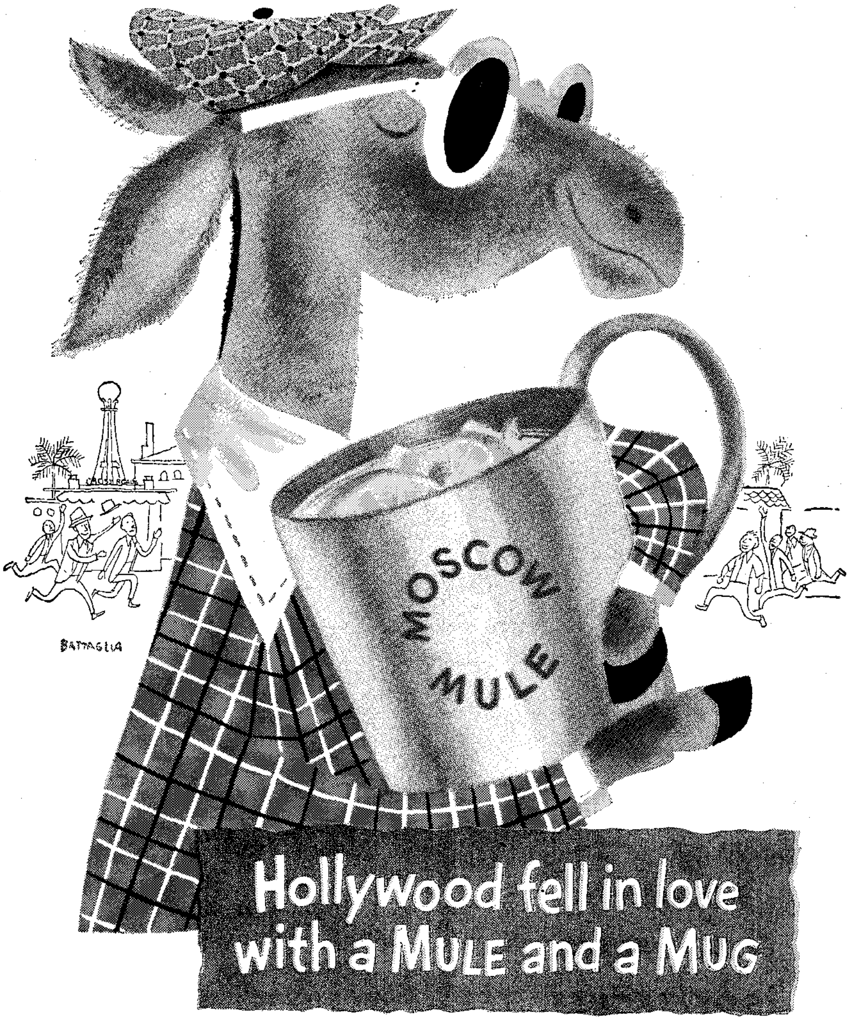
Dr. Rudzinski and Winiewicz did not talk much during the drive to Lake Success. Once, the Ambassador said ruminatively, "We ought to be dressed in black. We're going to a funeral." Another time, Dr. Rudzinski said, more to himself than to his companion, "But I've done so much research on stateless persons." Winiewicz laughed understandingly. At Lake Success, they went to their respective committee rooms. When the Professor entered his, he saw that he would be taking his cue from a Russian delegate named N. I. Klimov. He looked around, hoping the Chiang man would prove to be absent, but a Chinese was sitting primly two seats away. The meeting had scarcely begun when Klimov asked for the floor on a point of order. He then went into a diatribe about the presence of a delegate from a nonexistent government, and declared that the Soviet Union refused to be a party to so flagrant a flouting of the United Nations' laws. With that, Klimov, his head high, walked out. There were two doors by which he could leave, and Dr. Rudzinski noted which one he chose. It was the Professor's turn next. For a moment, he had an impulse to resign on the spot, denouncing Russia and its walkouts, but he downed it. That would not be fair, he decided; he had been allowed in the room as a representative of his government, and he was supposed to carry out that government's instructions. "A bit of bourgeois morality," he remarked to me. The Professor now had the floor. He does not remember too clearly what he said. He assumes that it was pretty much a carbon copy of Klimov's statement, but shorter. "I was aware only of my agonized voice," he told me. "And that each word was a nail in my coffin as far as the U.N. was concerned and that I myself would soon be a stateless person." When he was through, he hesitated a moment to make sure he remembered which of the two doors Klimov had used. Then he walked out the other one.

"What a brilliant piece of defiance!" Dr. Rudzinski said bitterly as he finished recounting the episode.

Mme. Rudzinski said softly, "I'm going to make some sandwiches," and went off to the kitchen.

Continuing his story, Dr. Rudzinski said he reached the delegates' lounge ahead of Winiewicz, but the Ambassador came along in a few minutes, accompanied by Stefan Boratynski, a Polish diplomatic adviser who wanted a lift back to the Consulate. When the three men were settled in the car, Dr. Rudzinski said in bewilderment, "Why are we called a satellite? A satellite at least has its own orbit." Winiewicz and Boratynski were as glum as he was. Boratynski pointed out that a matter of world importance had been at stake that morning. The Chinese question, he said, involved four hundred million people. "Such issues must be dramatized," Winiewicz said, without conviction. At the Consulate, Galewicz eagerly asked them for the details of what had happened. Someone standing over a news ticker called out to Dr. Rudzinski, "Here's your name, Aleksander. It says you've walked out with the Russians."

DR. RUDZINSKI collected a few personal papers, put them in his pocket, and, without saying a word to anyone, left the building. He headed west, toward Central Park. There he strolled aimlessly along a path. The shouting of the children at play suddenly struck him as too noisy, and he looked around for a spot where he could imagine himself utterly alone. He crossed a field and climbed to the top of a high, sprawling rock, where he sat down and gazed at the palisade of tall buildings along Central Park South. "I was no longer worrying about breaking with the Russians," he told me. "In my thinking I had already gone beyond that. Now I was facing the fact that I would not be able to go back to Cracow. At the prospect of exile, one forgets about politics. The thought of being shut off from my friends was painful. I tried hard to remember precisely how they looked, and not only the features of living friends came back to me but the features of friends who had died years before. There were other faces, too—waiters, concierges, shopkeepers. And there was the ancient



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*Add cubed ice, Fill mug with Cock'n Bull*
*Ginger Beer, Garnish with squeezed lime half*
*Stir gently*

*Be sure to use* SMIRNOFF—the official vodka of the old Imperial Russian Court—now made in America by the exclusive Smirnoff process. Crystal clear, delicate in flavor, Smirnoff is wonderful for Martinis and Collins'. It *loses* itself in colas, fruit juices and soft drinks. Makes any drink so smooth, so light, so subtle, *it leaves you breathless!*

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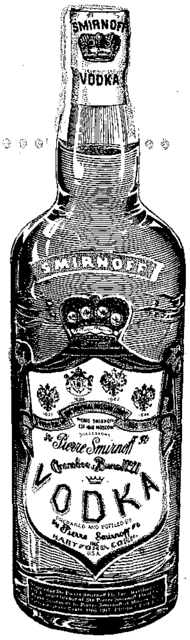

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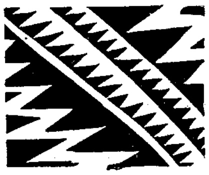
Wawel Castle, whose parapets I'd climbed when I was a boy, and the statue of Copernicus in the quiet courtyard of the university library. It occurred to me that instead of being in Central Park I might at that moment be having a pleasant walk and picnic with my wife in the Ojcow, a forest park outside Cracow. I would also miss the U.N. I felt guilty about leaving that young organization, with its noble aspirations. I was going to do something I didn't want to do, yet there was no getting around it. I knew that if I did not break now, I never would, that I would inevitably become the kind of diplomat who never questions even the most humiliating instructions. I could not walk out on myself. I had become an exile."

Mme. Rudzinski came back and put a plate of sandwiches and a bowl of fruit on a table between us.

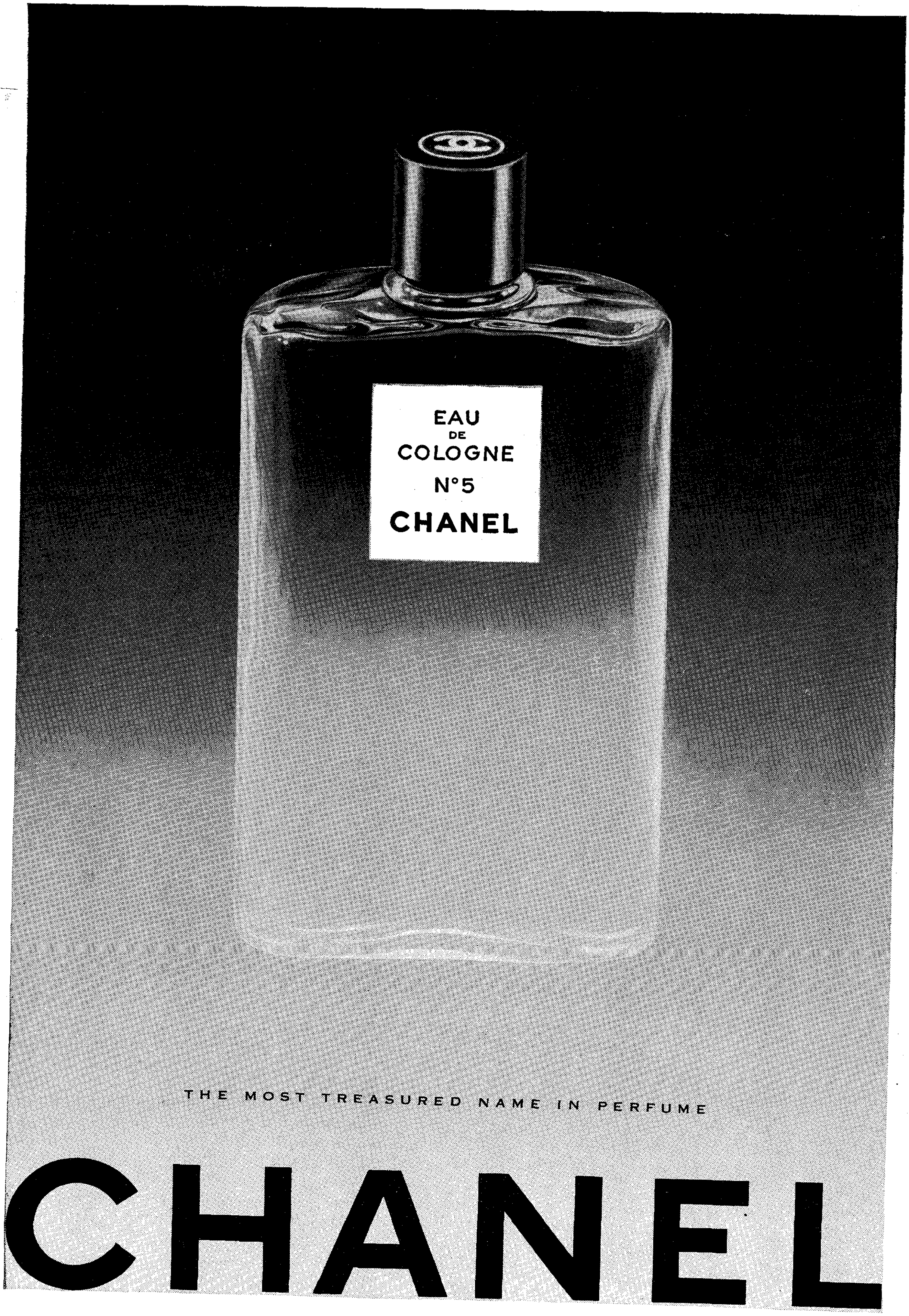
Dr. Rudzinski said that during his first hours of exile he went to his apartment and composed three letters, which he dictated to his wife, who is more adept on the typewriter than he. One was to Secretary of State Acheson, whom he asked for asylum. (It was quickly granted.) In another, he informed Warren Austin, the American chief delegate, of his request to Secretary Acheson. (Austin replied sympathetically.) In the third, he announced his resignation to Trygve Lie. (He informed the press of the Professor's decision.) "It was done," Dr. Rudzinski told me. "I felt a sense of great relief, although I had no idea how I would make a living in America. I hoped to teach again, but I knew of no university where I could do so." (Dr. Rudzinski is still harboring that hope.)



On Wednesday, the press had the story, and the telephone rang incessantly. About the sixth time Mme. Rudzinski answered it, a man said that he wanted her husband to appear on television; she let the telephone ring after that. A city detective was posted outside their door to protect Dr. Rudzinski from possible violence. He had plenty of company. Reporters and photographers lingered in the corridor for hours, hoping for an interview and pictures. "I did not want to see them," Dr. Rudzinski said to me. "I had made a purely personal decision." The neighbors found out what was going on and wrote notes to the Professor, which they slipped under his door. "We had known our neighbors only in the elevator, but all their notes were so friendly," Mme. Rudzinski said. "They offered us money, they urged us to call on them, they said to ask them for anything."

Early the next morning, the Rudzinskis were awakened by the telephone's jangling, and they decided at once that they could not face another day of that. Mme. Rudzinski picked out one of the notes that had been stuck under the door and called up the writer of it, a woman who was a stranger to them. "May we spend the day in your apartment?" she asked. "Certainly," the neighbor said. When the Rudzinskis opened their door, the detective said good morning to them and followed them down the hall to their haven. The neighbor, who was about to leave for work, welcomed the three and told them there was food in the icebox. The detective stationed himself in the living room, and the Rudzinskis sat in the bedroom. Mme. Rudzinski had brought along a book on biology to read, and her husband set about making an outline for a paper he planned to submit to the *American Journal of International Law*. After a while, they gave up. "The unfamiliarity of the furniture disconcerted me," Mme. Rudzinski told me. They started talking about their friends in Poland. Presently, the thought occurred to them that these friends ought to be warned not to write to them any more. They spent most of the rest of the day writing letters—some twenty in all, and each of them guarded in wording—which they later sent to Polish friends in Belgium and France who could be trusted to transmit them to Poland. They wrote on the plain sheets of paper the Professor had brought along to draft his outline on, and they signed the letters with only their first names. To help convey the urgency of their messages, they made them exceptionally brief and terse. Mme. Rudzinski recited a letter to me that, she said, was typical. "Dearest Wanda," it went. "You know how much your letters mean to us, but please do not write us again until we ask you to. Aleksander and I are off on a long voyage. We do not know when it will be over. Please tell this to Henryk and Michal and Franciszek. We think of you often. Please do not write until we send you our new address."

When the Rudzinskis had finished the letters, they fell to playing a kind of game. They imagined they were back in Poland, asking their friends what they thought of the Professor's resignation. "All of them agreed that Aleksan-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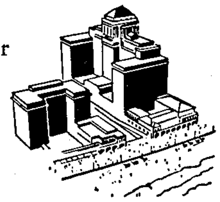


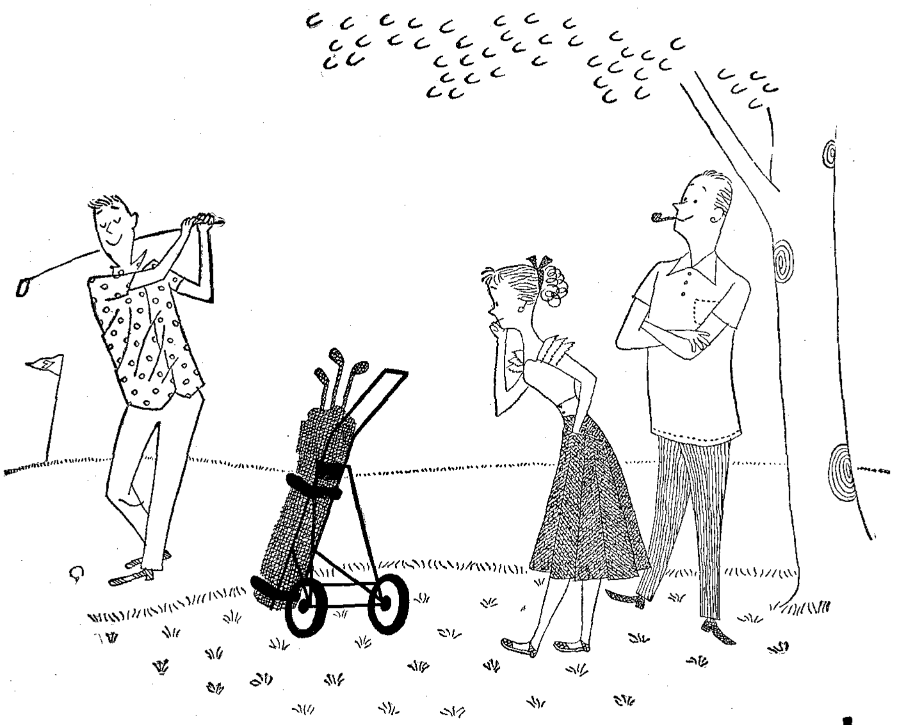
CANDIDS BY... Bachrach
54 E. 52ND ST., N.Y.—PL 5-6233

points in common. For one, the aggressor always claims provocation. The Germans marched into Poland to avenge Polish atrocities against Germans, and into Norway to forestall an Allied plot; the Russians went into Finland because the Finns were preparing an attack on Leningrad; Franco flew to Spain from the Canaries to save the Church; the Dutch parachutists dropped on Jogjakarta because the Indonesians were meditating treachery. Also, the flash invasion is almost invariably successful. Only the Italians in Greece and the Russians in Finland met any trouble at the outset, and in both instances the trouble was caused by the attacker's ineptitude. Ethiopia, Albania, Loyalist Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway and Denmark, Holland and Belgium, the British and American garrisons in the Far East—all went down before their respective aggressors, and the German attack on Russia rolled forward a thousand miles, or four times the length of South Korea, before it even began to stop. A third commonplace is that the slugger always spreads the report that resistance is halfhearted, in order to lessen sympathy for the sluggee, to whom, according to the slugger, the result is obviously a matter of indifference. I can remember an age of innocence, between 1935 and 1941, when newspaper readers took seriously the chances of the jumped country to repulse an invasion. Encouraging reports would be printed of the native ferocity of the Harar tribesmen, the high motives of the Spanish Republicans, or the gallantry of the Polish cavalry. This wore thin, I think, after the capitulation of the Finns at a time when they had the newspaper decision well in hand. It perished after the Nazi march through the unconquerable Yugoslavs. It was then that the more materialistic among us began to understand that when a boy hits another boy over the head with a schoolbag full of rocks, he diminishes his victim's capacity to resist.

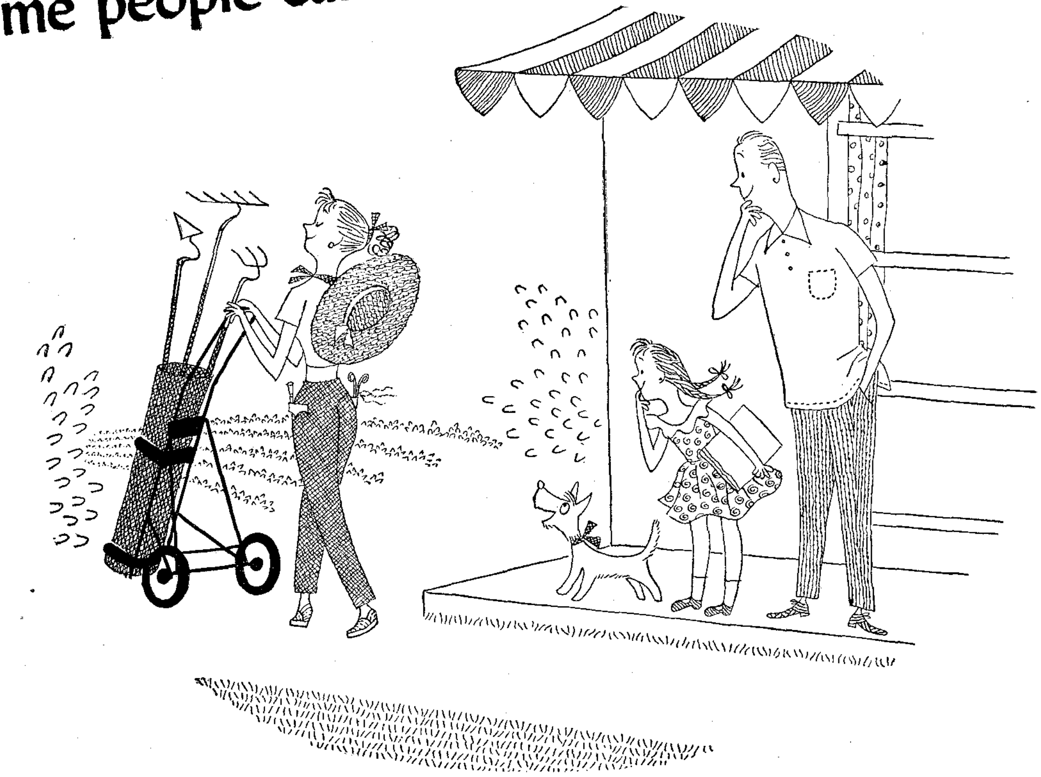
The affair in Korea began with an orchestral potpourri of these conventional themes. The day the news broke recalled to me a hot Sunday in June, 1941, when I walked about Union Square listening to excited groups discussing the German attack on Russia. The North Korean government, like the Nazi government, announced that it had been provoked. On June 26th, the *Times*, as befitted a paper of record, printed the texts of the antithetical North and South communiqués, in which each claimed to have been attacked. The main headline of the *Daily Compass* was "EACH SIDE CHARGES IT WAS INVADED." The *Daily Worker* of the same date said "RIGHTIST ATTACK REPELLED IN KOREA." And the invasion evidently was going as smoothly as invasions always do.

Within a day or two, the South Koreans, like the Poles and the Loyalists, rallied in the headlines. There was, for instance, the headline of the *Times* on June 30th, "SOUTH KOREANS STABILIZE FRONT; AIRPORT NEAR SEOUL IS RETAKEN," and the *Herald Tribune's* extra-prompt "SOUTH CHECKS INVASION," on June 26th, and "SOUTH KOREANS HOLD SUWON, REDS STALLED," on July 2nd. I don't think many readers took much stock in them. No other generation was ever so inured to the language of unfounded hope. Anybody of voting age can remember that "infiltration" is a military term always followed, after a short interval, by "rectification of the line," and "rectification," in turn, by "orderly withdrawal to a previously prepared position."

The only segment of the New York press that appeared to view the military situation with satisfaction was the *Daily Worker*, and a fraction, varying from $^{12}/_{23}$ to $^{11}/_{17}$, of the total columns in the *Compass*, the proportion changing with the positional oscillations of the columnists. Max Werner, the *Compass's* military expert ("Often alone and almost always right, that's Max Werner"—*The Compass*), displayed from the first a popeyed admiration for the North Korean Army. "There is a kind of inexorable mechanics" of war that the North Koreans have mastered, he announced. But his more profound colleagues found that this efficiency was superfluous. The North Korean successes, they held, were purely spiritual, based on the South Korean lack of will to resist. "It would not be necessary for American boys to die in the mud of South Korea if its own soldiers and people had thought their government worth fighting for," Stone wrote, equating the will to resist with the power to do so successfully. This is the *integer-vitae-scelerisque-purus* theory of self-defense, and among aggressor nations it is an article of faith for export. (The Germans and Russians, although vociferous about their dynamism, never thought it could replace matériel in their armies or in those they equipped for their friends.) A more plausible reason for the South Koreans' initial military failure was advanced by



# Some people can't think of anything but home!



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# THE WAYWARD PRESS

## INFANTRY WAR AGAIN

NEWSPAPER stories never repeat themselves precisely; it is simply that one story is often much like another. For example, a few weeks ago the local papers reported that a man beat his wife to death with his fists because she was spending all the family's money, and a week later it was duly recorded that another man beat his wife to death with his fists—but in this case it was because she would not give him a divorce. It is characteristic of our time that the main outlines of an invasion story have become as banal as those of a mugging murder, and most newspaper readers in the days since the North Korean crossing of the Thirty-eighth Parallel, on June 25th, must have had the sensation of having read it all somewhere before. The news broke on a Sunday, like the news of the German invasion of Russia on Sunday, June 22, 1941, and of Pearl Harbor on Sunday, December 7, 1941. The way of the transgressor is trite, and surprise is always slightly increased by an attack during the weekend. The way of the transgressor is also helpful to the ordinarily modest circulation of the New York *Enquirer*, the weekly masquerading as a daily that is dated Monday but appears on Sunday afternoon. The late city editions of the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* had the Korean invasion story on this particular fateful Sunday morning, but neither had given it an eight-column spread, or even the best position in the paper; there was, of course, no way of knowing from the early press-association bulletins that it would develop into a bigger story than the death of fifty-eight people in an airplane accident, which held the place of honor. The *Enquirer*, which received later United Press stuff, was the first to promote the fighting into the eight-column class. And as I read an editorial in the *Enquirer* of five weeks later that started in bold-face type on the front page and ran over, I had an even stronger feeling of *déjà vu* than I'd had the day it all began. It said:

> The reverses which the United States has sustained in Korea are not without precedent in our history, which shows that we have a habit of meeting with ill fortune after we begin to wage war.
>
> But our history also proves that notwithstanding the habit in question, we have emerged victoriously from every war in which we have engaged.
>
> The Truman Administration cannot honestly be blamed for the turn of events in Korea, in view of the pronouncedly abnormal condition in which the world has found itself for so long and the impossibility of our Government's providing against all contingencies amid the vast complexities of our era.

This sounded like January, 1942, when our habitually unprepared forces were being hammered about the Philippines, and people here were being habitually philosophical about it. The rest of the first page of this issue of the *Enquirer* was filled with war news, all from the United Press but livened by such headlines as "REDS PERIL TAEGU! YANK FORCE TRAPPED!" and "DEATH ORDER PRAISED BY WALKER'S MA" (Lieutenant General Walton H. Walker's mother, eighty-one, approved of his order to his men to fight it out to the death), and

EISENHOWER'S VIEWPOINT
U.S. MUST WIN IN KOREA—"OR ELSE."

The back page carried a biographical piece headed "SYNGMAN RHEE IS KOREA'S GEORGE WASHINGTON."

But in the body of the paper, the *Enquirer* ran a second long editorial, this one demanding justice for Charles Thomson, Secretary of the Continental Congress, born in Ireland, who, it said, had signed the Declaration of Independence but had never got enough credit for it. "For some reason his noble act of self-sacrifice has not received from history the recognition it deserves," the editorial declared. Colonel John R. Stingo, the *Enquirer's* turf-and-social correspondent, writing from Saratoga, reported, "Everything points to a satisfactory season despite the ominous shadow of War with its depressive uncertainties." Colonel Stingo, who is seventy-seven, has survived a lot of uncertainties and is not going to become depressed prematurely, although, as he conceded in another part of his piece, "In the happy crescendo there is heard a dolorous note here and there." A horse-race tipster named A. J. McKeever advertised:

> AMAZING—INCREDIBLE—
> BUT TRUE!
> ACCLAIMED BY RACING FANS
> EVERYWHERE!
> YOU CAN'T WIN GUESSING
> . . . Find out what the professionals are doing and string along with them.

The illusion of being back where one had come from only recently was heightened by the name MacArthur, scattered through the text. It seemed to me I had caught this act before.

THERE have been at least fifteen sneak-punch invasions and aggressions since the Italians marched into Ethiopia, and they all have a number of

der had done right," Mme. Rudzinski told me. "Except one—perhaps the most important one. We could not be sure of his opinion. He is a renowned philosopher, an intimate friend. He is my husband's alter ego. If he had left the U.N., he would wonder what Aleksander thought. We took turns trying to convince him that Aleksander had acted with wisdom, but we both knew his concept of responsibility. To him, a responsibility is like a marriage. If one accepts it, one must see it through." She indicated the food in front of us, which was still untouched, and said, "It is too bad one can eat well in America. Perhaps if we were both hungry, our friend would be convinced, but I am not even sure of that."

Late in the afternoon, the detective told the Rudzinskis the coast was clear. They stole back to their own apartment. The telephone was silent at last. "I was grateful for that," Mme. Rudzinski said. "And also for the fact that the furniture was again familiar. But America suddenly seemed strange. I had my travel fever again. Only this time I knew exactly where I wanted to go. I wanted to go back to Poland."

—DANIEL LANG

•

HOW TO USE GYPSY MAGIC PERFUME
Pat a few drops of Compelling GYPSY MAGIC on your shoulders and around your thighs every morning and before you go out in the evening.

I also recommend rubbing some on your electric light bulb or lamp globe before you turn it on in the evening as the heat will help to radiate the powerful SCENT of GYPSY MAGIC.

Remember that GYPSY MAGIC is very POWERFUL and should be used sparingly at first, with the amount increased to suit your desire.—*Instruction sheet with a bottle of mail-order perfume.*

Is it O. K. to step up the wattage of those bulbs?

•

### MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Endicott (N.Y.) Daily Bulletin*]

CLEVELAND, (INS)—From now on, Mrs. Susan Petrenko of Cleveland will take raffles a little more seriously.

Mrs. Petrenko thought in 1930 that somebody was playing a joke on her when she was informed that she was the winner of a vacant lot. Recently, however, she has been receiving inquiries as to whether she wants to sell the property.

After the inquiries, Mrs. Petrenko went to Lakeside courthouse and learned that she owned the $2,000 lot. There was one catch, however.

Fly by DOUBLE DECKED Clipper* to
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Save $81.60

● Beginning September 1, round trip from New York to London is only $548.40. You fly both ways in giant double-decked Clippers—and save $81.60 over regular fare.

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WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

*Maybe it's time you changed to a Lighter cigarette*

Lost your zest for smoking? Maybe you should change to a lighter, milder cigarette—one less heavily flavored. Try light, bright Virginia Rounds, favored by discriminating people.

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TWENTY

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *A Mausoleum for Mama*

"EDGE OF DOOM" presents in one big, gloomy package the difficulties of a penniless youth who desires to give his dead mother a funeral along the lines of the one Mr. Campbell threw for Rudolph Valentino. This lad, a trifle unsettled in the head, is firm in his conviction that the expenses of the mortuary blowout should be borne by the Roman Catholic Church, of which Mother was a faithful communicant all her life. When he brings his proposition to the local pastor, though, the priest points out that the parish has no sinking fund for interring indigents in style. Our boy takes the bad news ungracefully. He harks back to the fact that the pastor never did anything for Mother during her life, and never did anything for Father, either. Even though the old man committed suicide, the youth argues, he shouldn't have been buried in unhallowed ground. What with all this fretting about the hard luck of his defunct parents, he eventually works himself up into such a swivet that he bashes the priest with a crucifix, killing him instantly. Then he resumes his efforts to give Mother a fine send-off.

As you can see, this is a pretty weird little item, but it does have in its favor a cast that goes about its strange business with an inexplicable will. Among those present are Farley Granger, Dana Andrews, Robert Keith, and Paul Stewart. It is Mr. Granger's lot to portray the orphaned hero, and he certainly makes the boy a tiresome fellow to have around.

WHILE "Edge of Doom" is satisfied to build its action around one killing, "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye," the other movie I caught up with last week, contains so many murders that it's hard to believe any of the characters can survive long enough to permit the thing to run to feature length. Adapted from a phrenetic novel by Horace McCoy, the film has as its hero a highly literate paranoid who is so devoted to his automatic that he even takes it to bed with him on his wedding night. This lunatic, after escaping from a state penal farm, goes into partnership with a pair of crooked cops, and before he is finally plugged, he has a crime wave afoot that might give pause to the likes of Al Capone. As played by James Cagney, the badman is rough on both sexes; his notion of a really rewarding round of fun is to club some small businessman to death, slam a cripple into the grease pit of a garage, and slap his sweetheart around with a wet towel. After that, he is ready to go out spooning with an heiress who is burning to discuss the fourth dimension between clinches. Although Mr. Cagney is an old hand at being a tough guy, he lays it on so thick here that he winds up being rather comical. So, for that matter, do his associates, who include Ward Bond, Luther Adler, Barbara Payton, and Helena Carter. The ladies in question are both represented as being daft, but they're quite delectable just the same.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

●

### IF YOU LOVE HER

If you love her, give her presents,
Feed her caviar and pheasants,
Wine her, dine her, dance attendance,
Lavish pearls and paeans and pendants;
Motor her and theatre her,
Always be a dear to her,
Pamper her and be adoring,
Worshipping and never warring;
Dress her, bless her, and caress her,
Irresistibly address her—
By such methods you will fan
Her passion for another man.

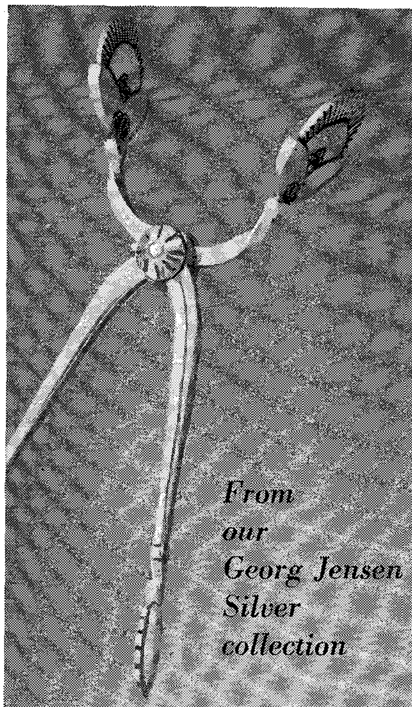
—BRUCE ANGRAVE

●

TIRED OF HOUSES

Mr. and Mrs. William Jones—Uncle Bill and Auntie to their thousands of trailerist friends throughout the U. S.—are going to sell their home in Tucson, Arizona, and get back on wheels. The Jones' have been trailerists for over 15 years. She is known as the charming old lady who plays such a delightful Old Witch character at Halloween parties at trailercoach parks. —*Trail-R-News.*

You can imagine those October dusks in Tucson, with the old urge strong upon her.



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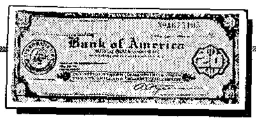

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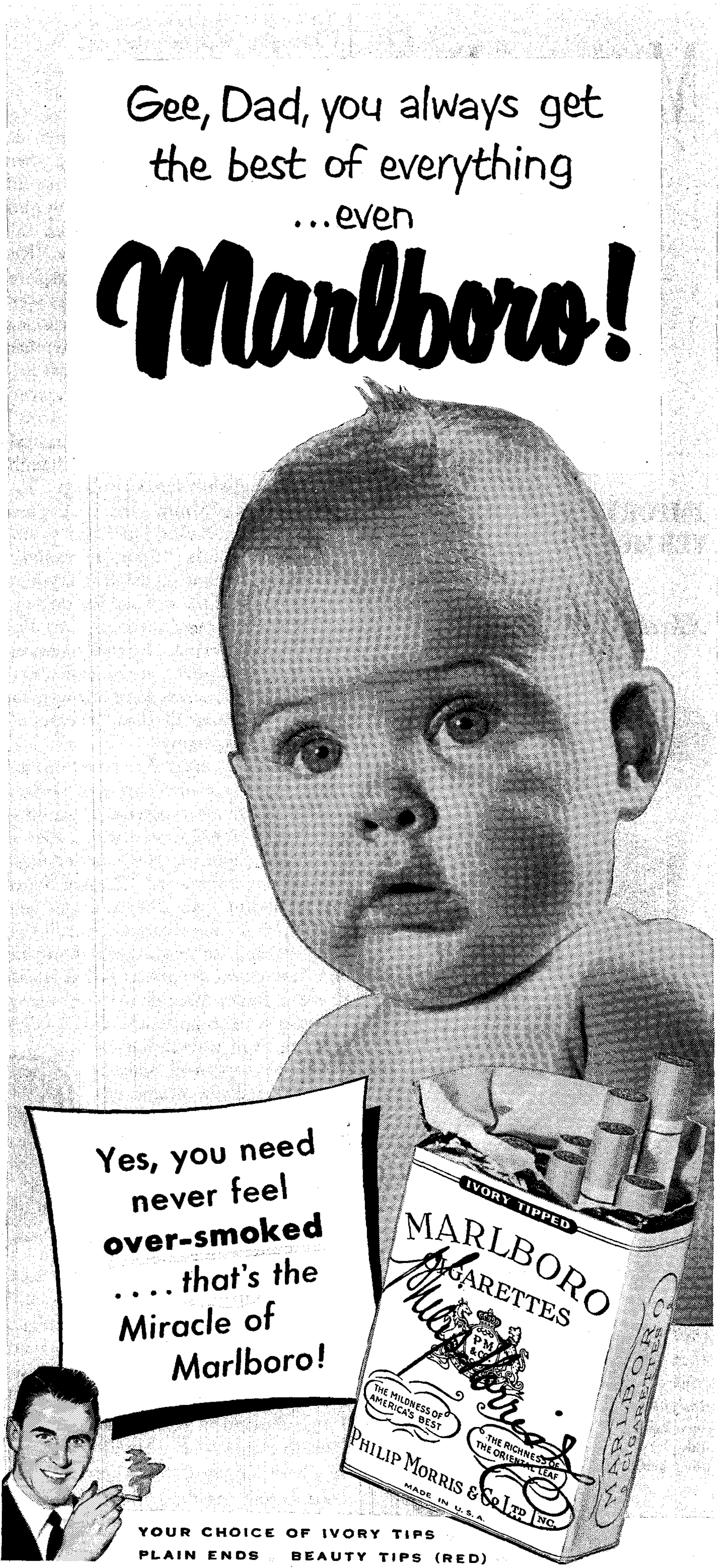
an unhappy American brigadier general named William L. Roberts, who was quoted in the *Times* on July 16th. The General, who had been in charge of training the South Korean Army, said the Americans hadn't left it any tanks because they were afraid it would invade the North.

The South Korean Army, as a matter of fact, *didn't* disintegrate. Marguerite Higgins, of the *Herald Tribune*, reporting from the front on July 27th, had a lot to say in praise of the South Koreans, and the inexorably mechanistic Werner himself, who had eliminated them from the fighting on about the third day, was again recognizing them as a factor in the situation on July 31st. Further reports, by Miss Higgins on August 1st, and by William H. Lawrence, of the *Times*, on August 2nd, quoted American officers who held up the South Korean tactics as an example for our own troops, loath to leave their road-bound vehicles.

WITH the introduction of American troops into the combat in the second week of the action, there began a sort of reporting that would have been impossible under the formal censorship of the last war, even if there had then been anybody capable of doing it. The first American correspondents with the armies in 1942 had had small experience in the practical aspects of war and were inclined to consider all shortcomings inevitable. By 1944 or 1945, when they had acquired some judgment, things were going so well that there were few faults it would have been useful to call to public notice. Correspondents do not obsolesce quite as fast as infantrymen, and the United States consequently got a rather better report on its military deficiencies in Korea in the first couple of weeks than a nation usually gets before a war is over and military historians begin their autopsies. It is my considered opinion that a small group of correspondents, of whom Homer Bigart, of the *Herald Tribune*, appears to me the most effective, have done much to save the lot of us by pointing out our specific, and remediable, deficiencies in combat. I should like to propose an experienced correspondent as our next Secretary of Defense.

One of the first Bigart combat stories told of an action in which an evidently small American force fought against North Koreans equipped with forty Russian-built medium tanks (about thirty-five tons each) and "lost all of their artillery—five 105-mm. guns, two anti-tank guns—and considerable small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arms." The essential point of this story, I thought, was not that we lost the guns—since we were in small force—but that we were still shooting the old 105s, which were not too effective even against the German tanks of 1940 design. Now we were shooting them against newer and solider Russian vehicles. "Again and again American gunners scored on the incoming tanks, only to see them roll on," Bigart wrote. "Red turrets resisted penetrating armor-piercing shells. Only by hitting tracks were artillerymen able to halt an occasional tank." It seemed curious that members of our small and presumably select professional Army, stationed in a dangerous area, where they would need the Army's best weapons, should be using general-purpose artillery that had been thought inadequate against tanks years ago. The shells of the 75-mm. anti-tank guns, Bigart noted, "nicked but failed to stop the tanks." It was a clean, undramatic, pictorial story that included everything but the smell of the rice paddies through which the defeated Americans ran. The escaping infantrymen, he said, had been guided out by natives, an indication that not all South Koreans were happy about what the *Worker* calls their "liberation" by the invading army.

The *Times* carried a story on the same day, datelined Tokyo and written from a headquarters briefing, that illustrated something I have always believed about war reporting—it is better done from where the war is. "United States troops, fighting their first major engagement in the Korean war," this effort began, "successfully stood off the initial attacks of massive tank-led North Korean forces plunging south along the road from captured Suwon." This was not even a definition of what had happened, since a fight is hardly a major engagement, and, besides, the Americans had lost. The headline over the story moved the "major engagement" up one more notch, to a "battle"—"U.S. TROOPS CHECK NORTH KOREANS IN FIERCE BATTLE SOUTH OF SUWON; BAR BREAK DESPITE TANK ATTACK." The *next* day's Tokyo communiqué revealed that the Americans engaged in the skirmish where the guns were lost numbered "less than one battalion." The command in Korea said that "less than five hundred" American troops had been engaged anywhere on the front during the day. How "less than five hundred men," less "less than one battalion," could have even fought a battle, to say nothing of winning one, was not explained.

The same spread between affirmation and probability appeared in another Tokyo-datelined story, in the *Mirror* of July 7th, which spoke of "thirty thousand armored North Korean troops . . . in a two-day, thirty-five-mile plunge through a thin screen of U.S. troops," and then quoted an American lieutenant colonel commanding the screen (a battalion commander, by his rank) as saying, "We are in good shape—we'll do our best to shoot hell out of them." This would indicate that the battalion commander was insane. Bigart, in his July 7th story, chronicled another minor reverse, and wrote, "It is already painfully apparent that the Americans completely underestimated the enemy capabilities." (The *Times* has since infiltrated nearly a platoon of correspondents into Korea, and they are giving Bigart good competition. Walter Sullivan, Richard J. H. Johnston, and the aforementioned Mr. Lawrence are pretty fine.)

Joseph and Stewart Alsop, in their syndicated column, wrote on the same day, July 7th, "Everywhere in America, people are beginning to realize that we are fearfully weak and most dangerously situated." The Alsops, who have been insisting for a good year now that Secretary of Defense Johnson's economy program has been leaving us naked, were being brilliantly vindicated, but they seemed as unhappy as anybody else about it. It was on that day that the *Herald Tribune* reported that General of the Army Douglas MacArthur had assured the President that the position of the American ground forces was "not considered serious in any way." The *Post*, encouraged, announced, "G.I.'S HALT RED DRIVE."

A Bigart story datelined July 10th that ran on July 12th began, "American troops in forward positions narrowly escaped another enveloping thrust by North Korean Communists today, and were able to avoid annihilation by great luck in withdrawal. The unit suffered severe casualties and was forced to leave all its heavy equipment behind. This correspondent was one of three reporters who saw the action, and was the only newsman to get out alive. . . . It was not an encounter anyone will remember except those who were there, and the outcome will have no bearing on the ultimate results. It is worth telling only as an example of what happens

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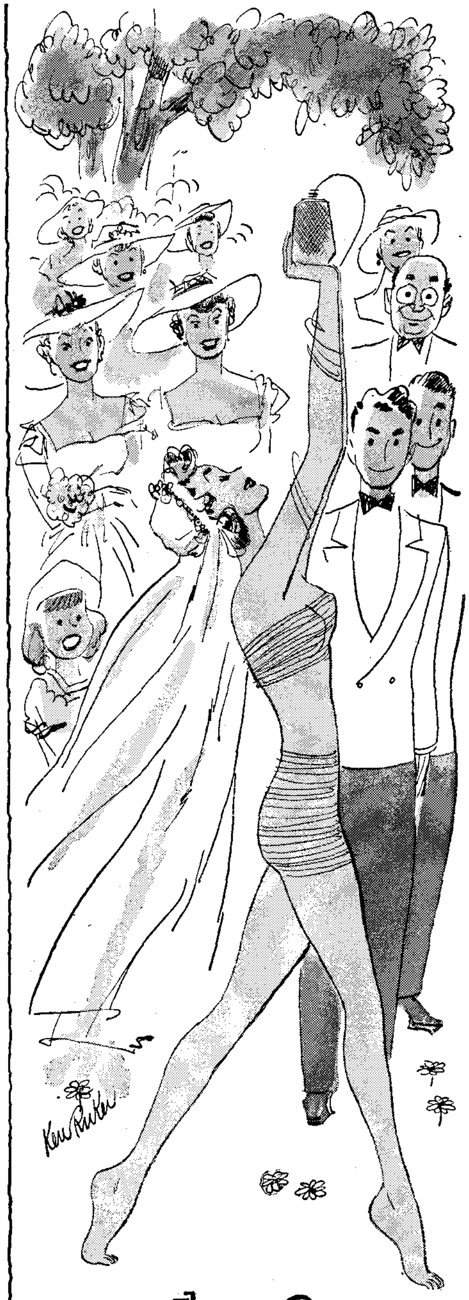
when men are thrown into action without adequate preparation." The unit, a company, had been pinned down by its own artillery, and had finally abandoned its position, at the order of the regimental commander, after a platoon of insufficiently trained soldiers panicked. Bigart followed his magnificent description of the skirmish with an attempt to set down what was the matter. The men he had observed did not fulfill the ingratiating concept of a small professional army of such high quality as to compensate for its lack of numbers. "Only one man out of ten had ever heard the sound of a shell passing overhead. Overhead firing has been banned in peacetime maneuvers lest some of the men get hurt." As a result, a good number of soldiers, unable to distinguish between outgoing and incoming fire, had been unnerved by the sound of their own guns. Few of them had taken part in large-scale training. They were not "combat-minded." As a result, officers of field grade—majors and up—had practically had to hold the men's hands in combat. The casualties among such officers were heavy. (A dispatch from Washington in the newspapers of July 30th announced that the Army had restored maneuvers with live ammunition to the training curriculum.) "The burning question in their [the officers'] minds," Bigart wrote, "was why the United States, having been alerted so long to the danger of aggression in the Far East, was able to commit only a small force inadequately trained and equipped."

When the First Cavalry Division made its unopposed landing at Pohang on July 19th, Bigart reported that it was the first cheerful news he had heard since the beginning of the long retreat. It is too bad he could not have been reading headlines in the United States, which presented the country with victories at least every other day. But three days after the landing, he was reporting the hardest knock of all, the "costly" and "humiliating" defeat of the Twenty-fourth Division at Taejon, where it traded too much blood for too little time. I think his brief, unemotional account of the unarticulated effort—communications failed, and in consequence the troops assigned to cover the retreat never moved into position—will be remembered by several hundred thousand people who were not there. I shall not soon forget Bigart's report of his last glimpse of General Dean, the defeated commander, "sitting upon the porch of his command post, the picture of dejec-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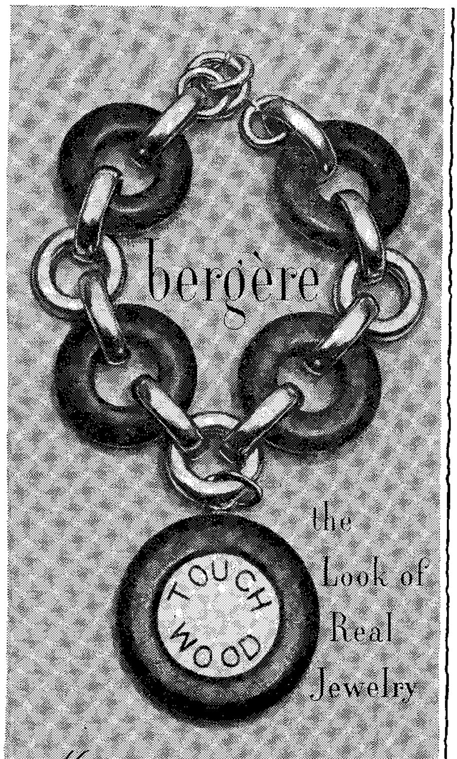

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tion." Bigart drew a useful lesson from this tragedy, and delivered it a week later. "A shocking surprise of the Korean campaign has been the miserable failure of some American Army communications equipment at the battlefront," he wrote. "A frequent complaint is that the materials are often obsolete—roll-back material from Okinawa that has become rotted by fungus during years of storage." After which he went into detail. And in another story, he wrote, "For the human deficiencies, there is no one to blame. Americans like to go soft in peacetime. But there is no excuse for deficiencies in basic field materials. For example, Americans always prided themselves on their knowledge of radio and telephone communications at the front." When he writes so, the unthrobbing Bigart is thinking of the dead at the other end of the rotted telephone wire.

Bigart's type of reporting is rather different from the assurances, datelined Tokyo, that everything is going to be tickety-boo eventually, or from interviews with nerve-shattered men who should be under sedation, in which they tell about the impossible numbers of the enemy they have killed and the impossible distances they have run "after the lieutenant said to take off." The lieutenant, in these stragglers' stories, is always either nameless or dead.

There is a retired major general in west Texas whom I like to visualize reading Bigart's dispatches and those of half a dozen other reporters who are now out in Korea and working along the same lines. "Good infantry," the old man used to say, "is what you need a lot of." I am sure the present war has given him no reason to change his mind.

—A. J. LIEBLING

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## MOLES

Every day that their sky droops down,
they shrug before it can harden
and root for life, rumpling along
toward the green part of the garden.

Every day the moles' dirt sky
sags upon their shoulders,
and mine too sags on many a day,
pinned by heavy boulders.

We get tired, the moles and I,
toiling down our burrows.
They shrug dirt along their way,
and I rumple on through sorrows.

—WILLIAM STAFFORD

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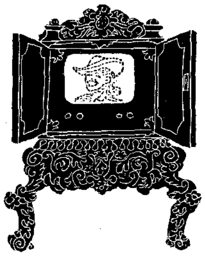
# TELEVISION

## *The Return of Jacob Malik; or, Life's Perils Renewed*

WITHIN my experience, at least, there has been no television show to match the broadcast of the now historic three-hour session of the Security Council a week ago Tuesday, when Mr. Jacob Malik, the Russian representative, returned to the Council table as president. I have a feeling that television came into its own that day. It is difficult to imagine that people attending the session had a better view of the proceedings than I had at home, and I would wager that they had a less dramatic one. The camerawork and direction were nothing short of brilliant (both C.B.S. and N.B.C. presented the same program), and whoever was in charge deserves special commendation. He was aware that macabre and awesome games of parliamentary chess were under way, and accordingly he concentrated his camera upon the two major players—Mr. Malik and Mr. Warren Austin, the United States representative. This tended to localize the conflict and heighten the tension, often to a point that was almost unbearable. For minutes at a time, the camera would stare at Mr. Malik, and at nothing else, as though it were trying to read his thoughts and predict his next move. Even under its prying and insistent eye, it was difficult to detect any human qualities in the man. He displayed throughout the long afternoon a maddening imperturbability and a robotlike dedication to the imposing of his will upon the Council. Watching the screen, one had the impression that he was acting under a set of precise instructions to obstruct the work of the Council, and in his attempt to carry out what one took to be his mission he became a pretty frightening machine. I cannot recall that he either frowned or smiled. He referred to his notes, spoke quietly, sat back, and gazed at the other delegates. He made one feel that nothing any other delegate was saying, or could possibly say, would have the slightest influence on him. At just one point, when the voting went against him, did he betray his feelings—and then only for the briefest instant. A look of complete contempt flashed across his face, but he quickly regained his control, and his face once again became a mask.



Mr. Austin was a study, too. In repose, his face has a somewhat benign and avuncular expression; he reminds one of an old-fashioned country doctor. The other day, however, he was an angry and disgusted man, and he made no attempt to hide his feelings. Early in the session, he thrust out his jaw, clamped his teeth together, and sat seething. I guess he was just about the most righteously indignant man I have ever seen. As the camera stared at Mr. Austin, Mr. Austin stared at Mr. Malik, and his stare, as they say in Western stories, was withering. I had the impression that Mr. Austin would have enjoyed climbing over the Council table and telling Mr. Malik off, Vermont-style, and that only the niceties of diplomatic practice prevented him from doing so. On one occasion, when Mr. Malik rather blandly miscounted a show of hands, Mr. Austin suddenly lost his temper, and the camera caught every gesture and expression of his fine outburst. I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

The camera did a good deal more than hover over the Messrs. Malik and Austin. We were given stunning views of the Council chamber from many angles, and quite remarkable pictures of the document-littered Council table itself. From time to time, the camera became wonderfully restless, snooping and prying every which way, picking up shots of delegates whispering with their advisers, fingering their papers, or looking off into space. Occasionally, it focussed on Trygve Lie, who seemed to be in a state of catlike calm, and then shifted to the interpreters or to the spectators. After each excursion about the hall, the camera would return, with dramatic suddenness, to the Messrs. Malik and Austin.

The mechanics of transmitting the sound were perfect, I would say. While any delegate who spoke in a language other than English was talking, we could hear the simultaneous English translation, placing us on a level with the spectators at Lake Success, who can hear simultaneous translations through earphones. Mr. Malik, as president, ruled that consecutive translations should also be made, and this meant that once a speaker had finished, his words were translated again, even though everybody in the hall had just heard the whole thing. Mr. Malik's ruling not only slowed up the proceedings but con-

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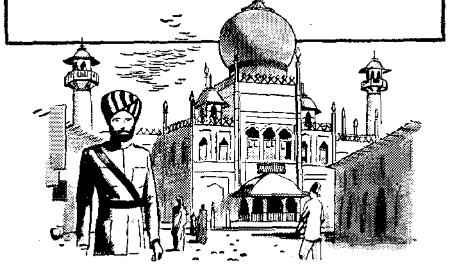

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tributed some dull, if unavoidably so, stretches to the broadcast. During these lengthy translations, there was nothing much for the camera to do, and the time was filled mostly with long shots of the chamber. Ben Grauer, who was chief commentator of the day, helped fill the breach with an intelligent and lively commentary on what we had just been hearing and seeing.

By the following day's session (A.B.C. joined C.B.S. and N.B.C. in televising the Wednesday meeting), the television people had devised a further means of keeping up interest during the arid sequences of consecutive translation. Cameras were set up in the main lobby of the headquarters building, outside the door to the Security Council chamber, and George Herman, of C.B.S., interviewed, among other people, various members of the United Nations Secretariat, inquiring into different aspects of their jobs. Generally, this sort of on-the-spot interviewing is ridiculously pointless, but Mr. Herman, a self-possessed and facile-tongued young man, managed to draw out his subjects with great skill.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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### SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the North Providence* (*R.I.*) *Standard*]

Miss Madonna Emin of Farnum Pike, Georgiaville, left Sunday by Pan-American Airways for a three-week's trip abroad.

Her European tour will include a visit to Our Lady's Shrine at Fatima, Portugal; a stop at Madrid; a week in Rome, where she will attend some of the special Holy Year services, including the canonization of a young girls' saint. Miss Emin will sojourn to the Bavarian Alps, where she will attend a fashion play at Oberammergau; will spend a few days in Paris and then back home.

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### WHICH TOUGH CALIFORNIA MYSTERY WRITER D'YA READ?

I got back on the runway and took all of it and some of the hedge and gave the front door the heavy shoulder. That was foolish. About the only part of a California house you can't put your foot through is the front door. All it did was hurt my shoulder and make me mad.—*From "The Big Sleep," by Raymond Chandler.*

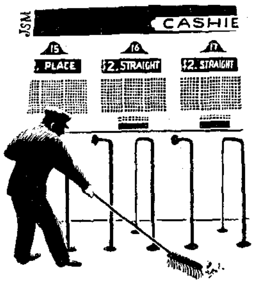
You don't stop to count shots in circumstances like those ... but my impression was that at least fifty of them had been fired by the time I was bruising my shoulder on the front door.

Luckily, it was a California door. It went in the second time I hit it.—*From "The Farewell Murder," in "The Continental Op," by Dashiell Hammett.*

# THE RACE TRACK

## *Saratoga Again*

SARATOGA is still fun. You can watch the morning workouts, which, for the convenience of the owners in residence, are held later than at other tracks, and maybe, if you are fortunate, you can have breakfast at one of the stable kitchens. Trainers are lavish hosts, so breakfast is usually pretty elaborate. After that, there is time to inspect the yearlings ticketed for the sales, or drive out to Lester Park and look at the fossils, or to Yaddo and look at the poets, for racing doesn't start as early in the afternoon as it does on Long Island. The tempo at the track is leisurely, too, and you can wander around the loveliest paddock in the land, where the runners are saddled under the trees instead of in stalls behind a fence, as they are at most courses. Still, one small criticism can be made against the Saratoga Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses. Unless you are a box holder or can wangle a front-row table on the restaurant veranda, you aren't likely to get a very good view of the races from the clubhouse. Of course, you can always go out in the infield. Don't be deceived, though—you won't see much from there either.



THE opening week at the Spa was notable for a number of first-class races. To start off, Northern Star, a big, handsome Irish colt, won the Flash Stakes on Monday, beating Nullify, Win or Lose, and half a dozen other two-year-olds. Then, on Saturday, he led all the way in the United States Hotel Stakes against moderate opposition, including Crafty Admiral and Platoon. Northern Star, who is owned by Mrs. Esther du Pont Weir, was bought in England for three thousand guineas. Despite an extraordinary mishap in his first stakes race, this June—he bumped his head against the stall gate at Delaware Park and actually cracked his skull—he hasn't done at all badly, winning four of his eight starts and $28,900. Some bright-eyed crystal-gazers even predict that he's going to take the Saratoga Special this weekend and the Hopeful Stakes later on. He may, for he has a bold, smooth way of going. Besides, with the exception of Battlefield, the other two-year-olds we have seen so far this season are no great shakes. I am told, however, that King Ranch has a runner in Mazinga, who is a full brother of Assault; that C. V. Whitney has a colt, named The Burglar, who is better than The Veep (he wouldn't have to be much); and that the Brookmeade Stable has two colts, Bold and Safety, who are something extra. We'll know more about all that before the meeting ends.

I DON'T mean to be cynical, but it doesn't pay to be too enthusiastic about any of the Greentree Stable horses this year. For example, nothing could have been more impressive or more encouraging than Capot's performance in the Wilson Stakes early last week; he has seldom looked better or galloped so powerfully, and though he won by only a length from Donor, I daresay he could have done it by five if his rider had wanted him to. In the Whitney Stakes on Saturday, it was something else again. The track was sloppy, and Capot, who loathes wet going, didn't have his heart in his work; he finished fourth, behind Piet, Sun Bahram, and Adile. Curiously, Piet isn't really what we amateur handicappers and speed-chart boys call a superior mudder, either, but he does like what is technically known as a sloppy track. (There are, you know, a great many kinds of mud and degrees of viscosity.) Colonel Martingale says that if the rain had been a little harder, it might have washed away the hurdles course. But Saratoga isn't that lucky.

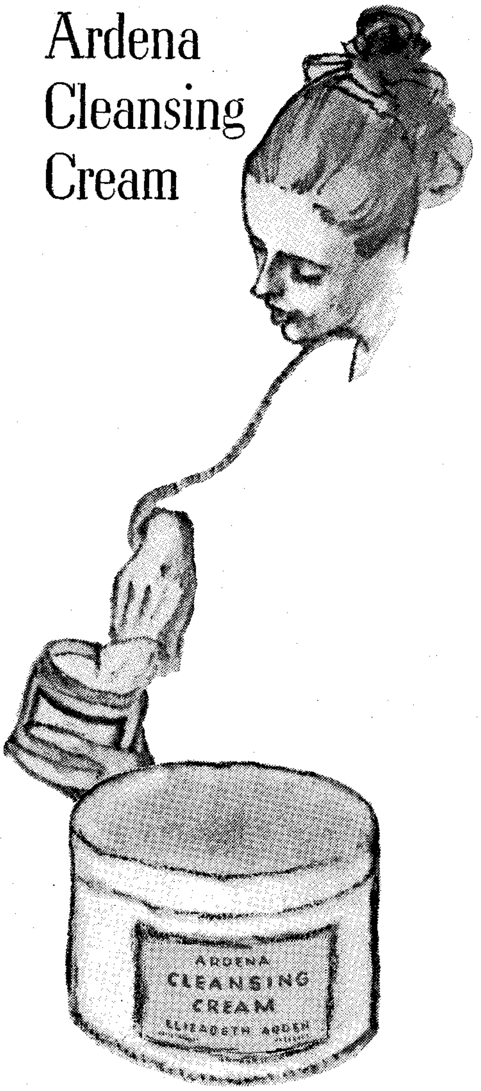
THE surprise of the week was the dull effort of Harry Guggenheim's filly Siama in the Test Stakes, which Honey's Gal won easily. One school of thought held that the high weight Siama carried—a hundred and twenty-six pounds—did her in. Another insisted that she had been shipped around to too many tracks. Incidentally, if Bed o' Roses hasn't had too much travelling on trains, I fancy that she'll go well in the Travers Stakes this weekend. No filly has won this race since 1915.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Don Hartman gave a party the other night and pulled a really constructive gag. He had every guest in the place vaccinated against smallpox.—*Hollywood Reporter.*

Natural-born clown.



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# THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING

THE first and only time I ever met a real Russian Communist was in Seoul, in the spring of 1947. My husband had gone there in February to do a civilian job for the Army, and I had gone with him. We were subject to military regulations, and our social life was entirely among Army people. One of our friends was an Irish-American girl whom I shall call Kathleen, a tall, angular blonde with blue eyes and a sprinkling of freckles across her nose. She was secretary to an Army colonel, also of Irish descent. He had hired her himself in New York—largely, she often said, because she wore a green beret and acted as Irish as Pat. She was a third-generation American, born in Brooklyn, and good-natured and flirtatious. Of the hundred-odd American girls doing clerical work for the Army in occupied Korea, she was undoubtedly the most popular. She liked her work and she liked people.

Just before noon one day, I was sitting in the large and busy office in which Kathleen worked—it occupied the whole floor of a modern office building—waiting to go to lunch with her. The colonel was giving her some last-minute dictation in his private office. At ten minutes of twelve, the elevator door opened and the Russian, a lieutenant, stepped out. His uniform, gray verging on fawn-colored, was quite natty and fitted him to perfection. His shoulder boards were red. His officer's cap, with a black patent-leather visor, was tipped at a smart angle. On the breast of his tunic was an impressive collection of medals and ribbons. He was incredibly handsome, with hazel eyes, a cleft chin, and the most perfectly shaped ears I have ever seen.

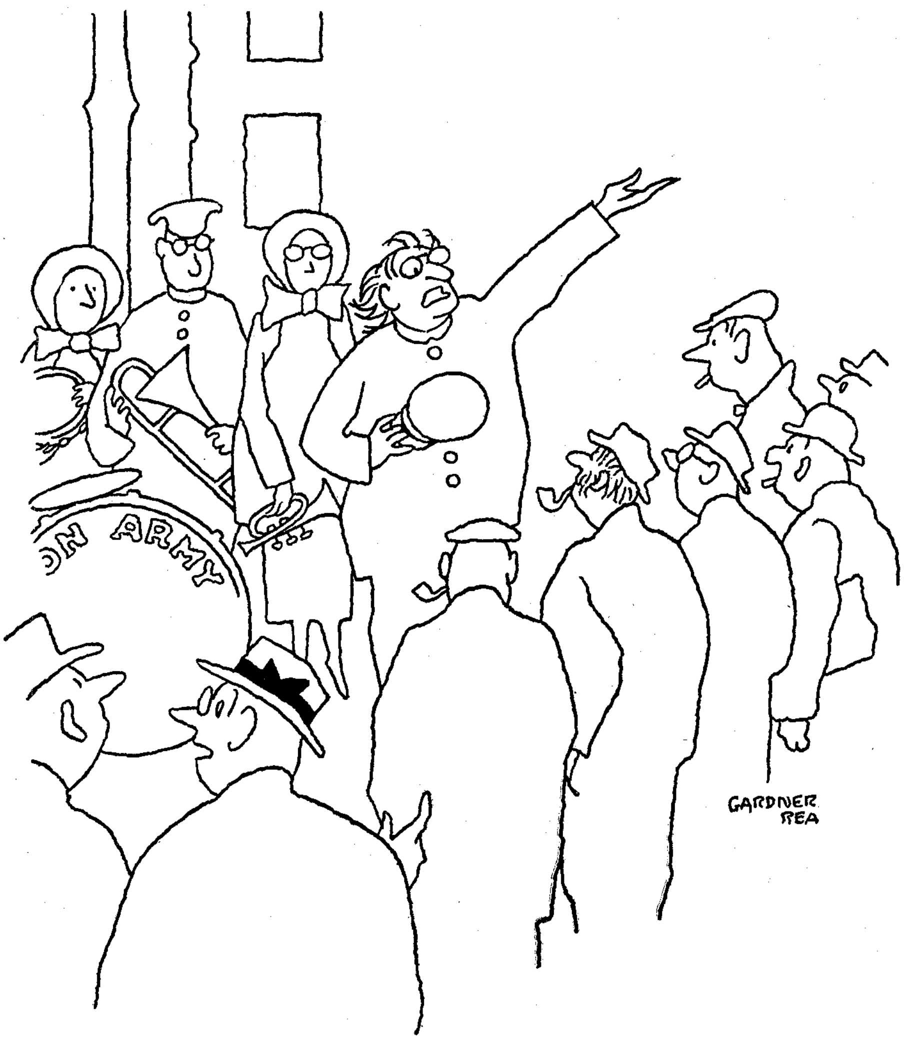
I found out later that he was part of a Russian military mission that was meeting with American Army officers in Seoul under the sponsorship—so the rumor went—of the United Nations. The meeting was top-secret and unheralded. An American B-29 had swooped down at the Kimpo airbase at dawn that morning and deposited more than two dozen Soviet officers among the startled G.I.s stationed at the field. Staff cars, until then parked discreetly out of sight, drove up to the plane, and without a word the Russians climbed into the cars and were driven away.

The lieutenant strode through the swinging gates of the railing before the elevator, marched entirely across the room, nodded curtly to me, grasped the handle of the door to the colonel's office, and walked in. How the colonel felt about that I heard afterward from Kathleen. Earlier that morning, he had had a telephone call from a higher echelon, warning him to expect the visit. As a minor courtesy, he was to issue PX cards to the Russians; the lieutenant had been mentioned as a member of the mission toward whom particular attention was to be shown, and the lieutenant was calling in person for his card. The colonel was not expecting the Russian lieutenant to walk in unannounced.

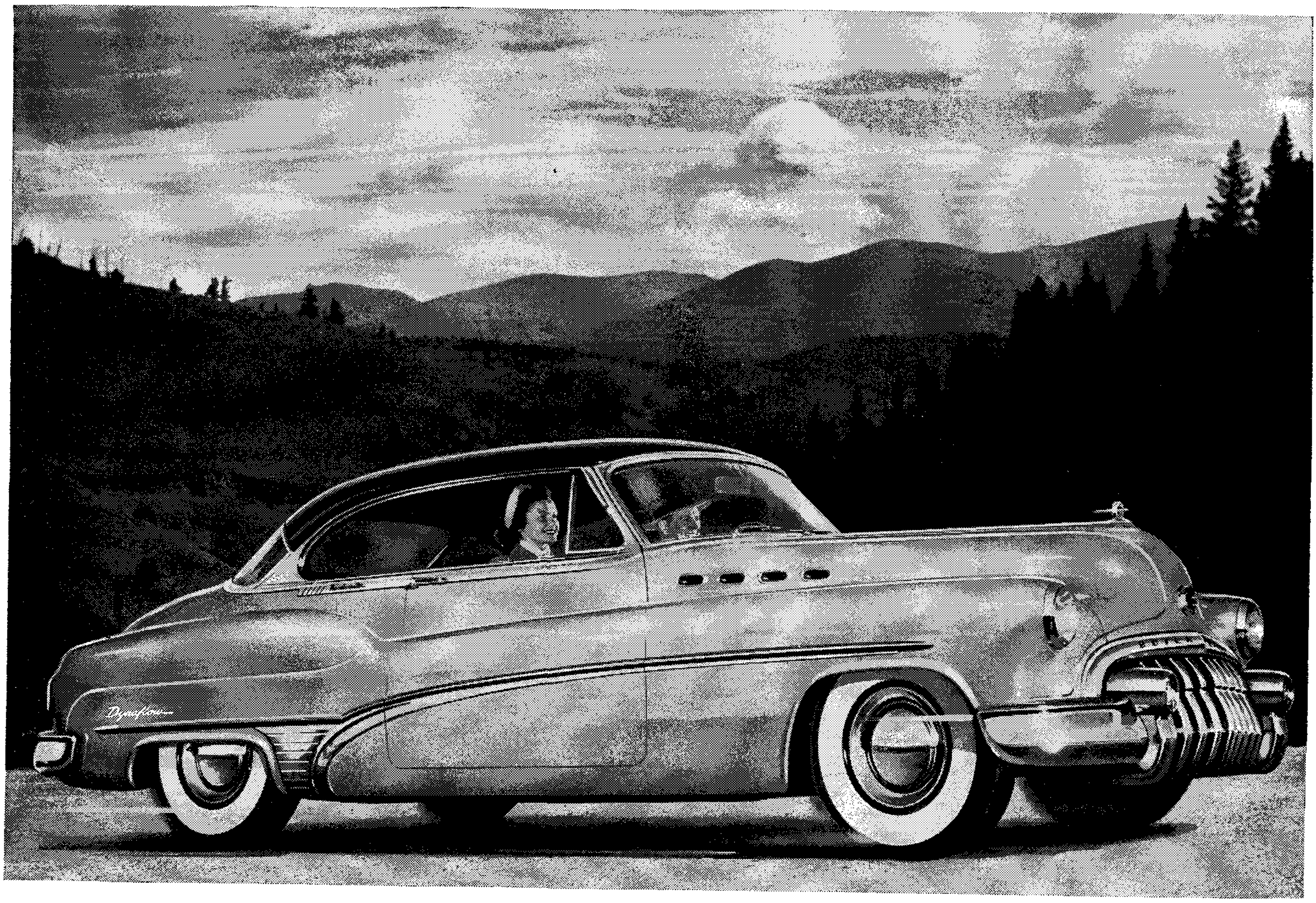
"You should have seen the colonel's face!" Kathleen said. "I thought he would blow his stack!" Like many of the American girls in Korea, she loved to use G.I. expressions. "The Brass looked like somebody personally slugged by the Thirty-eighth Parallel." The same thing could have been said of the personnel in the outer office, some forty or fifty accountants, bookkeepers, and other clerical workers.

I never talked to an American in South Korea who wasn't thoroughly unhappy there, and the Americans in Seoul were obsessed by the fear of a native uprising. On May Day, there had been a street demonstration that ended in a brief riot, with some shooting, and copies of an alarming propaganda pamphlet turned up everywhere, addressed to the Yang-kos, or Occidental Noses, as the Koreans called us. The pamphlet, which was full of grammatical errors, began with four words in boldface type: "The Russians Are Coming!" The May Day demonstration had intensified the general apprehensiveness, and during the gunfire, Kathleen had told me, most of her fellow-workers had flung themselves under their desks, even though the office was on the top floor of a five-story building. The more panicky ones probably took the sudden appearance of the lieutenant as proof that the Russians *had* arrived.

At all events, work in the outer office



*"It's quite a story. He was a member of Congress, and one day, to keep a filibuster going, he started to read passages from the Bible . . ."*



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came to a standstill when the lieutenant appeared. At twelve o'clock, a bell rang, announcing the lunch-hour period. The staff, completely demoralized by curiosity, as I was, reluctantly rose from their desks, slipped jackets on, dawdled over typewriter covers, and cast backward glances at the colonel's door as they sauntered toward the elevator. We had all been surfeited with harrowing stories of Russian-American patrol skirmishes on the Thirty-eighth Parallel. The Russians were believed to have been responsible for the demonstrations in Seoul. They were blamed, too, for unpredictable and often lengthy failures of electric power, during which there were no lights in Seoul. The power plants that supplied the city were in North Korea. These blackouts gave rise to a common flippancy: "Uncle Joe sends greetings to General Hodges, and please pay your electric bill." But none of us had actually seen any Russians in South Korea until that morning.

The door to the inner office opened, and the lieutenant stood in the doorway, shaking hands with the colonel and holding, in his free hand, a PX card.

Kathleen passed around them, took her purse out of her top desk drawer, and walked over to me. "Do you mind if we take the lieutenant to lunch with us?" she asked in a low voice. She was excited. "It's the colonel's idea. He's got to sit in at an M.G. meeting. And anyway"—she winked broadly—"the lieutenant wants to get acquainted with an American girl. I'm to take him shopping this afternoon. He speaks beautiful English," she added, her voice fading out as the colonel led the lieutenant over, one large hand clamped in comradely affection around the lieutenant's shoulders. I stood up.

"This is Lieutenant ——," the colonel said to me, mumbling a complicated Russian name. As we went down in the elevator, the lieutenant spelled it out for me. It was Tchernichevsky, and his first name was Vaslav, which he pronounced "Wass-leff."

WE left the building and got into a jeep that the colonel had assigned us from the motor pool. He had also given Kathleen his mess card. She drove the jeep with the reckless exuberance that sometimes prompted her to give away her week's liquor ration and on this occasion led her to select the Chosen Hotel for lunch. No officer of a rank lower than lieutenant colonel was billeted there, and civilians were excluded. The hotel was known as the Frozen Chosen. We drove there by a circuitous route, in order to show the Lieutenant the sights, but he was not even remotely interested in them. Instead, he kept the conversation on a personal basis. He was twenty-six, he told us, unmarried, a resident of Moscow, and a veteran of the Russian stand at Stalingrad. Around his right arm, at the shoulder, were looped several strands of braid, which indicated, he said, that he was a liaison officer between the Soviet and the North Korean Armies. His brother-in-law, a high Soviet administrative official in the North, had succeeded in passing him along on this expedition as a security observer. "Whatever that is," he added, with disarming frankness and a broad smile.

Why, I thought, he's just like one of our own G.I.s!

The Lieutenant was obviously enjoying the opportunity to talk to us. His family—mother, father, two sisters, and a younger brother—lived in Moscow. His unmarried sister danced in the ballet at the Bolshoi Theatre. Before the war, he had studied at a secondary school in a village near the Russian-Turkish border. The rural location of the school was part of a vast Soviet plan, he said, to decentralize the population. He avoided discussing the school curriculum. Prokofiev was his favorite Soviet composer, and next to Prokofiev, surprisingly enough, came Stravinsky.

"But I thought Stravinsky was taboo!" I exclaimed.

"There are many of his recordings in Russia," the Lieutenant said with finality.

He had been in America for two years, working as a code clerk in the Embassy, in Washington. He knew Manhattan very well. On weekends, he had sometimes visited friends on upper Third Avenue. His favorite amusement in New York had been scouting the fringe of crowds in Union Square and Columbus Circle. He remembered a woman called Canary Mary, who, dressed in an American flag, entertained the soapbox audience with a quavering rendition of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

He asked me where my home was, and I told him New Orleans.

"Ah, yes, New Orleans," he said,

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-BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times

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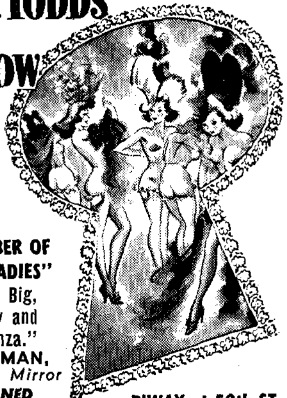

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smiling. "I spent a vacation there. Tell me—do you still refuse to let the Negroes sit with the whites?"

This "unfortunate remark," as he called it, he immediately apologized for, and then he began firing questions at Kathleen. From that time on, neither of them paid any attention to me, and I was perfectly content to sit back and learn what I could about him.

As we drove through the main gates of the Chosen Hotel, the two M.P.s stationed there hesitated and then waved us on. Kathleen parked the jeep, and we crossed through the hotel's lovely Oriental garden and walked up the marble steps. The lobby was deserted. In the bar, to our left, just off the lobby, I could see several American officers sitting at tiny round tables covered with green cloths fringed with Victorian crocheted balls. Behind the bar itself, on mahogany shelves carved with griffins and gargoyles, stood a great variety of wine, whiskey, and gin bottles, in a profusion that surpassed any such displays I had seen in military or civilian clubs around Seoul. The officers all stopped talking or twirling their glasses and stared at us. Kathleen did not offer the Lieutenant a drink but instead walked straight toward the dining room, at the far end of the lobby. The dining room was a glass-enclosed space decorated with shrubs and fernery, and bathed in dazzling sunlight. This was the first time I had seen it. Kathleen had been there once before.

At the entrance to the dining room, she presented the colonel's mess card to a sergeant, who nodded, his mouth hanging open with surprise. The place was full of officers. The murmur of their conversation and the clatter of dishes ceased as we entered. Kathleen led us to a comparatively inconspicuous table at the rear. Everyone kept on staring at us. The silence was unnerving. Kathleen brought out an open pack of Luckies from her purse as soon as we were seated, and passed them to the Lieutenant, who took one, and laid the pack on the table. He lit her cigarette, then his own. I didn't smoke. The staring and the silence continued.

"Damn it!" Kathleen whispered, leaning forward so that I could hear her. "Haven't they ever seen a Russian uniform before?"

The Lieutenant flicked the ash from his cigarette. "May we order a drink?" he asked.

"Heavens to Betsy! Do you want to get us thrown out of the Frozen Chosen?" Kathleen said, and patted the

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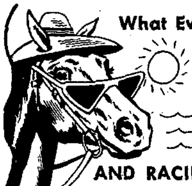

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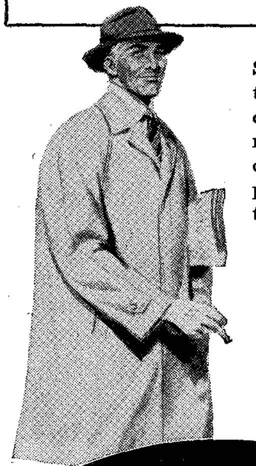

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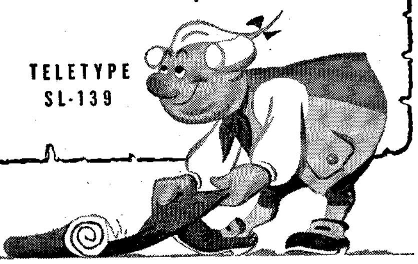

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sleeve of his fawn-gray uniform. She winked at me.

Two expressionless Korean waiters, in white serving coats and baggy black trousers, began to reset the table. Out of the corner of my eye I could see several other waiters leaning against the serving table, near the swinging doors that led to the kitchen, and watching us intently.

"It's a very beautiful place," the Lieutenant said, "and I would like a drink before we order."

"They don't serve drinks in the dining room," Kathleen said, tilting her head coquettishly, "and we don't *order*—they bring us the regulation meal, which, this being Tuesday, will consist of tomato soup, roast beef, dehydrated potatoes, and jello for dessert."

The Lieutenant shrugged his shoulders amiably. "In our billets," he said, "we have two kinds of fish, two kinds of meat, and two kinds of wine with each meal. But," he added, looking past the gaping diners and directly across the room at the Korean waiters around the serving table, "our accommodations aren't quite so good."

He ground out his cigarette as our waiter appeared, balancing three bowls of tomato soup. He served the Lieutenant first, and the Lieutenant glared up at him. With his eyes narrowed, he looked almost Oriental. He moved the soup from his place to Kathleen's, and I had the momentary feeling that we were the guests and he was the host.

The conversation during lunch was devoted largely to the black market in Korea. Lieutenant Tchernichevsky—except for the one "unfortunate remark" about race prejudice—disabused me of the second-hand impressions I had gathered about the rabid behavior of young Russian officers. Not one word of Communist ideology passed his lips. His conversation was like that of any young man of twenty-six, his general attitude completely uncritical. The waiter irritatingly went on trying, throughout the entire meal, to serve him first, and he kept giving his plate to Kathleen. His table manners were irreproachable. I was thoroughly taken with him.

WHEN we left the hotel, we drove to the main PX building. There we found a large crowd of G.I.s and civilians pushing through the door, which had just been opened. "It's Shanghai Day," Kathleen said, in answer to the look of bewilderment on the Lieutenant's face.

Shipments of merchandise were received once a month from Shanghai, by way of the Tokyo PX, and their arrival was a gala event, for which all Americans in Seoul waited almost voraciously. Real pearls, mandarin coats, bolts of silk and Suchow brocade, and exquisite china were available on Shanghai Day at very low prices. The jade rings and the Chinese silk-screen prints on rice paper were enough to cause an American stampede, and usually did. No PX purchase could be made without a ration card, and the Shanghai merchandise, which was sold only on the second floor of the building, was rationed, too.

When Kathleen had explained all this to the Lieutenant, he said, "I would like to buy something," and took from his pocket the special PX card the colonel had given him. We went into the store and found the whole place in an uproar. In addition to the shipment from Shanghai, there was a considerable quantity of new merchandise on the main floor. The traffic was greatest at the cigarette counter, from which Lucky Strikes, because of their popularity as an international medium of exchange, had practically disappeared during the preceding month. Whole cases were now on display. The entire main floor, in fact, seemed like a cornucopia of heretofore unobtainable groceries, canned delicacies, candy bars, and tins of cookies. In the appliances department there was a heart-warming display of electric-light bulbs, which were almost like gold to Americans in Seoul, as well as to the Koreans, who nightly emptied all unguarded light sockets—"in order," the standing joke among Americans went, "to light the way for the Russians when they come."

The prodigality stupefied even Kathleen and me. The Lieutenant was lost in amazement. Then I suddenly remembered an unbreakable appointment I had for that afternoon. I managed to make my apologies heard over the bedlam. Kathleen accepted my goodbye rather perfunctorily, and as I started for the door, she hastened off toward the elevators and the Shanghai sale with the Lieutenant in tow.

LATE that afternoon, when I stopped in at the Civilian Club, I learned about the rest of Kathleen's shopping trip. She was sitting, alone and very straight, at a table in the cocktail lounge, a half-consumed cocktail before her. She saw me and waved.

"How did it go?" I asked as I sat down.

"You should have stuck around," she

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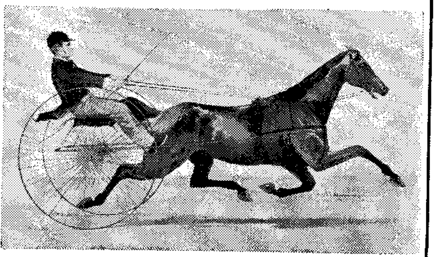

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said. "You really should have stayed with us."

I was of the same opinion. My appointment had, to my disgust, been cancelled in favor of two Russian officers who, like Lieutenant Tchernichevsky, were being shown around Seoul.

"We really upset 'em, my little one," Kathleen said bitterly, and swallowed the rest of her drink as a Korean boy set another in front of her. I ordered an Old-Fashioned. She leaned toward me and said, "Do you remember how the Brass in the Frozen Chosen forgot to chow up when we came in?"

I nodded.

"Well, you should have seen the PX," she said. She took a sip of her drink, shuddered slightly, and stiffened her spine. "My God, the Americans were as bad as the Koreans! Even a colonel stepped aside—a *colonel!* And do you remember our waiter in the Chosen? The salesgirls at the PX were even humbler."

English-speaking natives were employed as salespeople at the PX, and a few of them, especially the girls, were sometimes insolent. But, like most Koreans employed by the Americans, they had an apparently intuitive knack for ingratiating themselves with the right people at exactly the right moment. Their ability to distinguish between a G.I.'s wife and a colonel's, both wearing identical PX parkas, galoshes, and bandannas, was as uncanny as it was politically expedient.

"First, it was pearls," Kathleen went on. "He wanted some Shanghai pearls. And, by God, he got 'em! Me, I've been sweating out lines for six months to get a string of pearls, but do I have pearls? Then he wanted perfume. And stockings. And a toaster." She began ticking off the items on her fingers. "*And* soap. *And* cigarettes. *And* shaving lotion. God knows what all. The colonel told me to be a diplomat and, by God, I was. I even loaned him my ration card, so he could get extras. Like stockings. And he was *so* grateful!"

A couple came and sat down at a table near us. "How's our international hostess?" the man said jokingly to Kathleen.

"Aw, nuts!" She tilted her glass, drained it, and ordered another drink from the boy who had just brought my Old-Fashioned. "So," she said to me, "I loaned him my ration card. And when he was finished, he asked me to drive him to the Capitol Building. I did. You should have *seen* the packages—not only his but all the other

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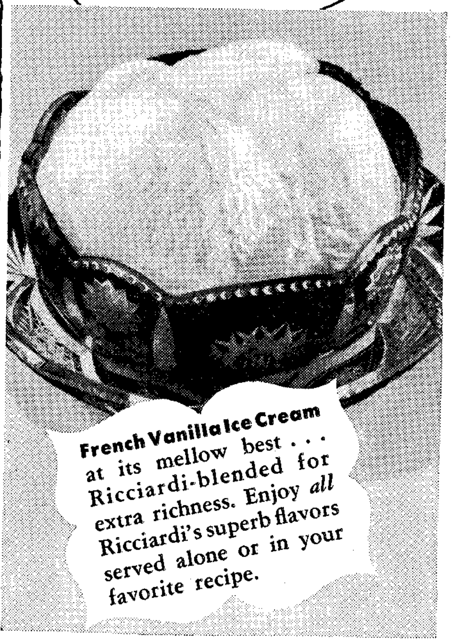

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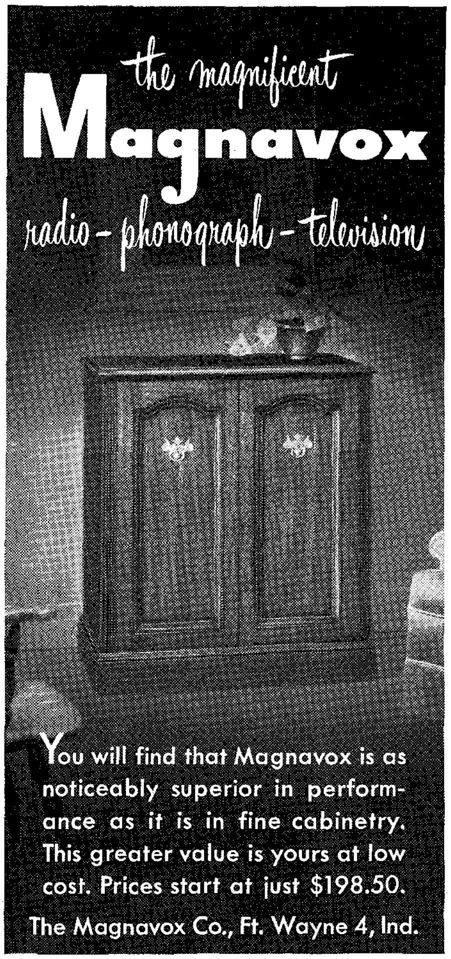

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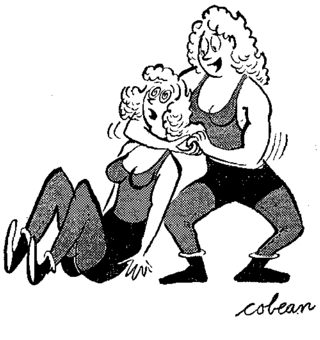

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Russians'. They were standing around waiting for cars to drive them to the airport. Two of them helped him out with his packages. Then he comes back to the jeep. 'Thank you,' he says, 'for a lovely afternoon. I would like to give you a memento of this day.' He held out his hand and dropped this in mine—*this!*" She snapped open her purse and emptied the contents on the table. From the tangle of lipsticks, gum, and safety pins, she extracted a small white object the size of a thimble. It was a china bowl with a handle, a miniature chamber pot. In the bottom, painted in red, were the letters "U.S.A."

Poor Kathleen, I thought. Poor Kathleen, mistaking a collective insult for a personal one!

"It's not that I mind about my ration card," she said, sinking back in her seat and looking at the little piece of china in her hand. "But I *trusted* him. I honestly thought he was sweet—*sweet*, goddam it!" And, still staring at the miniature farewell present, she began to cry.

—P. C. TULLIER

●

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So if her dynamo up and died,
I'd call it a fair comeuppance.

O give me a glamorous harpooneer
With nothing but skill and muscle,
Who blithely shipped in a bygone year
Just for the briny tussle.
Then ho! heave ho! for a law to block
The technological bounder,
And let us save the electric shock
For the mackerel and the flounder.

—DAVID S. STERN

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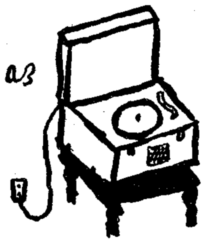
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Concert Records*

THIS year is, as you are probably aware, the two-hundredth anniversary of Bach's death, and the record companies, large and small, being the last to let such an event flit by unnoticed, are paying him a vigorous and concerted tribute. As a result, a sizable collection of Bach recordings, some of them excellent, has appeared in the past few months. It is fascinating to listen to the gathering complexities of Bach's music, especially in his series of works for individual instruments. At first, you may feel that they sound pretty much alike, and be able to tell them apart only by the instruments for which they were written; but as you listen again, you are caught up by a particularly affecting allemande or become engrossed in the breathtaking development of a fugue, and you realize that there is nothing to compare with this anywhere else in music—no matter what other things other music may give you—and that in all of Bach there is not one careless or questionable phrase.



The most notable of the new Bach releases is a Victor 78-r.p.m. album that presents the matchless Pablo Casals playing Nos. 4 and 5 of the six suites for unaccompanied cello. These splendid recordings complete a set, Casals' interpretations of the four others having been previously issued by Victor. Casals' playing is like Bach's composition—there is nothing to equal it anywhere. In these long, long pieces, which are unrelieved by the tonal colorations of any other instrument, he is more than a mere perfectionist; he works out a pair of tremendous designs on a noble scale. Almost as fine, and also superbly recorded, are Alexander Schneider's accounts of the Sonatas Nos. 1, 2, and 3 and the Partitas Nos. 1, 2, and 3 for Unaccompanied Violin, issued by Mercury on four long-playing records. Schneider, who has worked with Casals, sounds as proficient and almost as rapt as the older man. Naturally, there is more brilliance in the violin works, because that instrument does not have the physical limitations of the cello, and they may prove more popular, but they lack the depth of feeling of the Casals performances.

In addition to the sonatas and partitas for unaccompanied violin, Schneider has, with Ralph Kirkpatrick, turned out the six sonatas for harpsichord and violin on three small long-playing records released by Columbia. The collaboration is a superior one, and Kirkpatrick's playing reveals a knowledge of the music as thorough as Schneider's. Speaking of the harpsichord—and, of course, of Bach—Wanda Landowska's renditions of the first pieces from "The Well-Tempered Clavier," although recorded a couple of years ago, have just been brought out, by Victor. The Preludes and Fugues Nos. 1 to 8, from Book I, are available on a long-playing single. The harpsichord is an instrument that sets up a confusion of sounds, and while this recording is a fine one technically, it requires a great amount of concentration to follow the course of these intricate pieces. Fortunately, Mme. Landowska's playing is such that this special attention is rewarded.

AN exceptionally good recording of "The Art of Fugue," in an effective transcription for orchestra by Roger Vuataz, has been issued by London in an album of three long-playing records, with the Radio Orchestra of Beromünster (the recording was made in Zurich), Hermann Scherchen conducting. An accompanying booklet of very helpful notes, prepared by Dr. Scherchen, details the construction and the principal themes of each of the fugues and canons.

Columbia has brought out, on three long-playing records, all six Brandenburg Concertos, with an orchestra and soloists under the direction of Fritz Reiner. These are acceptable performances, but I preferred a London long-playing single on which Nos. 4 and 6 are played by the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, with Karl Munchinger conducting; the string tone is darker, and both works are taken at a slightly slower pace. The benefits of this pacing are especially noticeable in the first movement of the sixth concerto, which is slightly jerky and disturbing in the Reiner recording.

ONE of the most delightful of the current Bach recordings I have listened to is the performance of the Motet No. 3, "Jesus, Dearest Master," by a chorus and orchestra under the direction of Robert Shaw (Victor 45-r.p.m. set). This lovely, devout work is beautifully sung here in a distinguished

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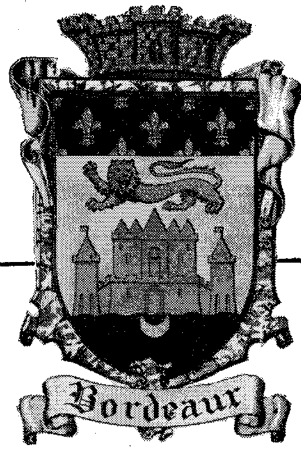

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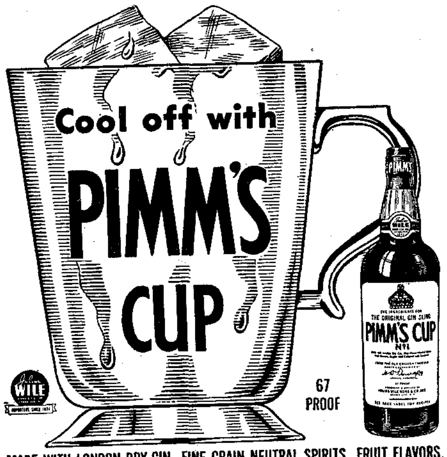

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English translation by Henry S. Drinker, Jr. The work is a joy throughout. I was particularly fond of the fifth verse, an enchanting quartet.

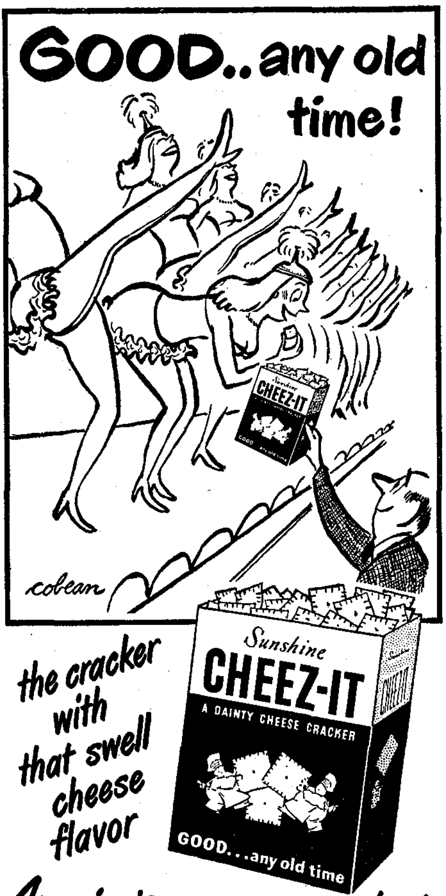
London, too, has come up with some choral works by Bach, on two long-playing singles. Among the four soloists, three of whom are good and one just barely adequate, is the proficient English contralto Kathleen Ferrier, who is heard on both records. One is given over entirely to the Cantata No. 11, "Praise Our Lord," the performance of which is somewhat marred by the expressionless solo work of the soprano. The other offers the Cantata No. 67, "Hold in Affection Jesus Christ," and "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," from the Cantata No. 147. The Jacques Orchestra and the Cantata Singers, under the direction of Dr. Reginald Jacques, back up the soloists.

THERE are a great many more new Bach recordings, but I'll mention only two of them, both long-playing singles offering the Concerto No. 1 in D Minor. In one the solo part is played on the violin and in the other on a harpsichord. Looking into the history of the concerto, I found that the use of either instrument is legitimate, since Bach first wrote it for the violin and later rewrote it for the harpsichord. The second version is the stronger, I think, because the keyboard instrument offers greater contrast to the string orchestra and because the harpsichord part is a fuller one than that for the violin. To get down to the two records at hand, though, it happens that the harpsichord version, put out by Period Records and presenting a soloist, Frank Pelleg, and an orchestra from Israel, is rather poorly recorded and is not as well played as the violin reading, put out by Columbia and performed by Joseph Szigeti and the New Friends of Music Orchestra, conducted by Fritz Stiedry. Pelleg finishes off the second side of the Period record by running through four entertaining duets, originally written for the organ, from the third volume of the "Clavierübung." On the other side of the Columbia record is an admirable performance by Szigeti of the Sonata No. 5 for Unaccompanied Violin. —D. W.

•

Bevan's appeal was considered significant in view of rumblings shrdluuuppupu pupu vbgkqj jj among leftwing rank and file party members.—*Washington Post.*

They're in an ugly mood, all right.



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# BOOKS

## *Briefly Noted*

### FICTION

Middle Heaven, by Mona Gardner (Doubleday). A vigorous and entirely absorbing story, with a heroine who sounds unpromising but is actually more attractive and human than most fictional women are apt to be. This heroine, Tomo, is the widow of a Japanese peasant farmer, and Miss Gardner, writing with a realistic sort of understanding, and with canny attention to social and domestic detail, tells about her effort to keep her family from destruction in the face of poverty and its attendant hardships.

The Secret Game, by François Boyer (Harcourt, Brace). The story of a nine-year-old waif, Paulette, of her little friend Michel, and of the tragic game they play against the world. M. Boyer writes with calmness, his sympathy held well back, and creates an atmosphere of overpowering pity and anger. The scene is France during the last war.

The Beautiful Visit, by Elizabeth Jane Howard (Random House). A first-person novel about a young English girl, very shy, very sensitive, and what happens to her between her sixteenth and twenty-first birthdays. Not too much happens, as a matter of fact, because her perfect breeding goes clean through and she behaves perfectly at all times. Miss Howard tells the story with ease and good humor but takes up a great deal of space saying very little.

Diamond Wedding, by Wilbur Daniel Steele (Doubleday). A novel of the early days in the West, with long, vacant stretches of landscape and an occasional rather scrappy conversation between the pioneers. Gowd Skinner, a wild-hearted foundling boy, and his wife, Hope, are the most important people involved, but even they play a relatively small part in Mr. Steele's interminable recital of dates, landmarks, and place names.

The Newel Post, by Rachel Ann Fish (Coward-McCann). A warm defense of matriarchy, gentleman-farming, husking bees, pregnancy, riding to hounds, and the reading of Whittier on winter evenings. Mrs. Fish centers most of her attention on a brisk old lady, Mme. Lucy Prescott, who presides over a big upstate-New York farm where all these activities are routine. In her spare time, Madame whips into shape the more unappreciative members of the younger generation, in particular a daughter-in-law who responds lukewarmly to the process of being groomed to step into Madame's shoes, and a son who inexplicably prefers composing popular music to attending square dances. This chap inevitably comes to an untidy end, but the daughter-in-law succumbs, after fifteen years, to Madame's wearing-down tactics. Some very handsome scenery, pleasantly described, serves as a distraction for those readers who may not find themselves in complete accord with the author's views, as expressed chiefly through Madame and the kindly, gruff-spoken family medico.

So Many Doors, by Oakley Hall (Random House). The long-term case history of a murder, the makings of which are observed, but not understood, by the various people more or less intimately concerned with it. Few of these people, including the principals (a couple whose feelings toward each other teeter for years between infatuation and abhorrence), are especially appealing, by almost any standard. This is attributed, probably quite accurately, to their prolonged acquaintance with such places as C.C.C. camps, trailers, Army quarters, and so on, all of which the author describes with explosive realism. His preoccupation with the creak of bedsprings, however, interferes considerably with his insight into the less spectacular aspects of his subjects' lives.

Tales of the Uncanny and Supernatural, by Algernon Blackwood (British Book Centre). An excellent selection from the work of an author who has long been noted for his leisurely but thoroughly effective evocation of all sorts of spooks, and who is currently enjoying a fresh vogue. In some cases, as in "The Doll," a new story, these spectres are very tangible ones; in others they are the product of extrasensory perception, or of just plain nerves. Mr. Blackwood handles them all with a meticu-

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lous attention to detail, piling up his horrors in a fashion that might at times be termed ponderous but that makes most recent stories in the genre seem slapdash indeed.

### GENERAL

Collected Impressions, by Elizabeth Bowen (Knopf). Miss Bowen is as brilliant and many-sided as any writer living, and in this medley of pieces—book reviews, introductions to books, essays, even a B.B.C. broadcast—she is at her diamond-hard, diamond-bright best. Her topics range from Shakespeare to Forster, from big houses in Ireland to Dover during the recent war, and what she says of Ben Jonson's style may be said of her own: "Immediacy of sensation comes through the language—concrete, and with an exact touch." Her tone is often didactic but never scolding, and her "Notes on Writing a Novel" are all the more provocative for being cast as postulates.

Behind Closed Doors, by Ellis M. Zacharias (Putnam). Admiral Zacharias, a former head of the Office of Naval Intelligence, who predicted the attack on Pearl Harbor and believes that his psychological-warfare broadcasts in Japanese were an important factor in bringing Japan to ask for an armistice, has set up some sort of private listening post to gather and sift facts on the cold war. This book, written in collaboration with Ladislas Farrago, a former Paris newspaper editor, is a rehash of recent international history, with interpretations by the authors based on their "inside knowledge." They believe the Third World War will get under way between the summer of 1952 and the fall of 1956. They claim to be privy to what went on at a secret extraordinary session of the Politburo in January, 1949. At that time, they report, the Soviet rulers made their decision to abandon the cold war and fight the United States to the death. The authors also claim to know what kind of war Stalin has in mind—an unconventional one that will begin with revolutionary techniques, including many strikes and manufactured isolated incidents in which the United States will be branded the aggressor. In the light of this information, the authors review the history of recent Communist successes in Europe and Asia, the relative military strengths of the two great powers, and American foreign policy, which they find woefully fee-

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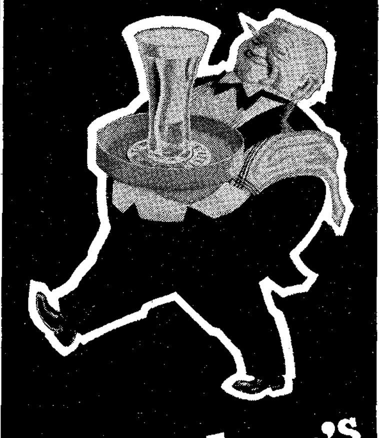

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ble and unrealistic as an instrument either for averting a war or for winning one. Although Admiral Zacharias and his colleague doubtless had access to much private data and although many of their comments on the international situation are acute, their dogmatic tone and large generalizations make the book fairly hard to swallow.

THE UNITED STATES AND JAPAN, by Edwin O. Reischauer (Harvard). An up-to-the-minute study of postwar Japan and the manifold problems confronting the United States in its half-billion-dollar-a-year task of creating a new political and economic order in that country. The author, a lifelong student of Japan, paints a very sobering picture. Japan, he says, is in about as bad an economic plight as a nation can be. She has thirty-four hundred people for each square mile of cropland, and she can't grow enough food to keep her people from starving. To live, she must export manufactured articles, but there is no money to buy raw materials, and she can't find markets in a divided world, many of whose peoples are determined not to trade with her. Mr. Reischauer, thoughtfully considering the five years of General MacArthur's rule, believes that the occupation has, on the whole, been very creditable, both to the Japanese and to us. An extremely interesting and valuable book.

RUSTICS IN REBELLION, by George Alfred Townsend (University of North Carolina Press). The University of North Carolina, in a fine, reconstructed spirit, has republished Townsend's "Campaigns of a Non-Combatant," furnishing it with a new title and a subtitle—"A Yankee Reporter on the Road to Richmond, 1861-65"—and deleting some extraneous material. Townsend's later fame as a Washington correspondent, columnist, and novelist has obscured this first book, originally published in New York in 1866, which is a little masterpiece of Civil War reporting on the personal level. He writes with style and epigrammatic wit and tells a funny story very well, except that he suffers from the delusion that the dialects of Southerners, New Englanders, Irishmen, Germans, Jews, and Negroes may be readily captured by artificial malformations of the English language. A useful introduction by Lida Mayo compares the book with Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Cour-

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age," a comparison not so far-fetched as it might seem; in fact, Ernie Pyle comes to mind, too. Townsend's place may lie somewhere between them. Indexed.

INDEPENDENCE AND AFTER, by Jawaharlal Nehru (John Day). Fifty-nine speeches delivered by the Indian Prime Minister during the years 1946-49. The papers, which are arranged chronologically, include addresses made before the Indian Constituent Assembly, broadcasts to the Indian people and to foreign nations, a speech to the United Nations General Assembly in Paris, and commemorative talks. From them one can get a pretty complete understanding of Nehru's political philosophy and of the internal policies by which his government hopes to continue Gandhi's peaceful struggle to make India fully independent economically as well as politically; the group of statements on the delicate subject of India's foreign policy, on the other hand, are less clear and maybe less frank. Nehru here shows himself a fine speaker and a phrase-maker in something like the British tradition.

THE ART OF SCENIC DESIGN, by Lee Simonson (Harper). A hundred pages of handsome photographs and drawings, and some fifty pages of unpretentious text, in the course of which the author makes it clear that a stage designer must be a Jack-of-all-trades and master of five or six. Mr. Simonson discusses the problems of scenic design briskly and without panic, dealing with them as they have arisen out of the changing physical requirements of the theatre from the Renaissance to today. Lay readers may be left with the impression that it would be easier and quicker to write a new "Hamlet" than to stage it.

## MYSTERY AND CRIME

ELEPHANT'S WORK, by E. C. Bentley (Knopf). Mr. Bentley, author of the impeccably plotted "Trent's Last Case," has decided to write a shocker comparable to "The Thirty-nine Steps," and the result is both funny and engaging. His hero has lost his memory in a train wreck caused by a raging elephant in a boxcar. A South American general rescues him, under the impression that he is a gangster, known as The Chill, whom the general has hired as an urgently needed bodyguard. As time goes by, The Chill seems less and less like the triggerman he's supposed to be, and when he turns out to be a bishop, everyone is simply delighted. Mr. Bentley apparently has written this enigma, as he calls it, as much for himself as for his readers.

SHADOW OF MADNESS, by Hugh Pentecost (Dodd, Mead). Either Mark Douglas's wife or one of the seven guests at his hunting lodge has been blackmailing him for years, and he is determined to learn the culprit's identity or to kill them all. This uneasy group is presently augmented by Dr. John Smith, a psychiatrist whom Douglas has found lost in the woods and has forced to join his party at the point of a Thompson sub-machine gun. The Doctor is an accomplished practitioner, but he is obviously working under difficulties, and it is not until a young woman is fatally stabbed that he begins to see the solution of a problem that started with a murder that was never committed at all. Mr. Pentecost has created an appealing sleuth in his little Doctor, and the members of the threatened houseparty all have a satisfactorily guilty air. Altogether, a lively and ingenious contribution to the midsummer crime wave.

THE HUNDREDTH DOOR, by Rae Foley (Dodd, Mead). Meredith McGrath, on the eve of her twenty-first birthday, unwisely accepts an invitation to visit her relatives in their Adirondack lodge. She has been orphaned in a particularly unpleasant way (her mother was executed for the murder of her father), and as she stands to inherit the family fortune, she can't reasonably expect a hearty welcome. Though she tries to assure herself that you can't inherit murder, her father's lawyer, who controls her money, is killed soon after her arrival in such a way that she is bound to be suspected. John Harland, a detective who goes in for analysis rather than action, finally narrows down the considerable field to the one suspect who has an overwhelming motive. Somewhat involved and improbable, but readable enough.

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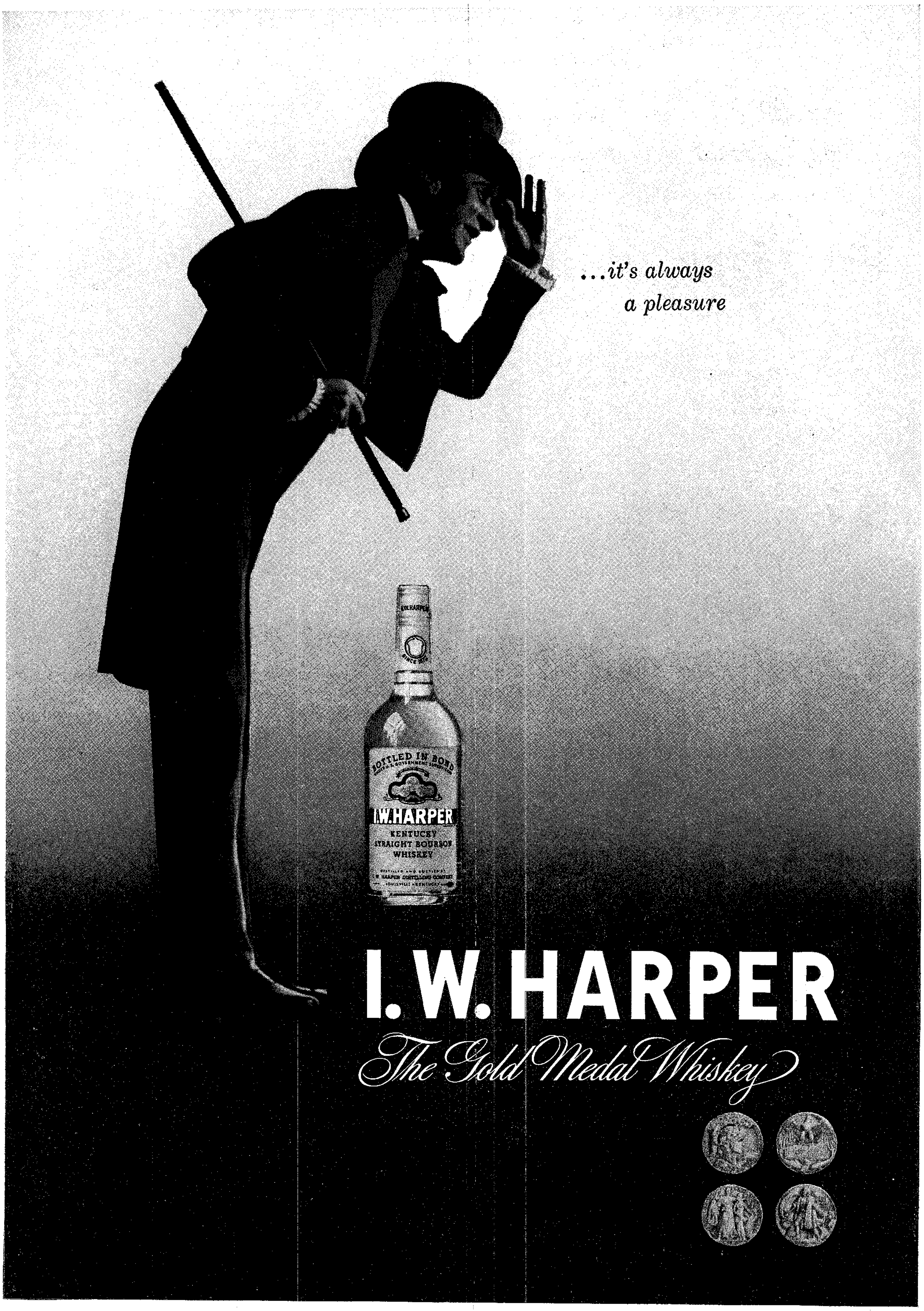
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